

T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
Sir HARRY HERALD
A N D
Sir EDWARD HAUNCH.

I N T H R E E V O L U M E S .

V O L . II.



L O N D O N :

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M D C C L V .

THE
HISTORICAL

OF THE

OF THE





THE
CONTENTS
OF THE
SECOND VOLUME.

CHAP. I.

Contains an Apology for the Writing
it, Pag. I

CHAP. II.

A Journey of four Miles described;
a Treaty of Marriage proposed,
and how stipulated. 13

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. III.

*Not so entertaining as some others
which are to follow.* P. 39

CHAP. IV.

*A critical and tender Conversa-
tion between the two Ladies.* 54

CHAP. V.

*With which the Reader, if in Love,
may, possibly, be affected.* 65

CHAP. VI.

*Containing a Circumstance little
expected.* 81

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. VII.

*Which may not be unamusing to
some Readers.* p. 101

CHAP. VIII.

*A new Discovery made, not un-
pleasing to Felicia.* 123

CHAP. IX.

*Some new Characters introduced to
the Reader's Acquaintance.* 143

CHAP. X.

*The History of Captain Worthy,
founded on a Fact.* 165

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. XI.

The History of Captain Worthy,
continued. 185

CHAP. XII.

A farther Continuation of the History
of Captain Worthy. 207

ERRATA.

Page 83 line 1 for *her*, read *your*.



THE

THE
HISTORY
OF

Sir HARRY HERALD
AND
Sir EDWARD HAUNCH.

CHAP. I.

Contains an Apology for the Writing it.

As it remained a dubious
Point, what would prove
the Issue of the ensuing
Congress, the Deliberations of Al-

VOL. II.

B

fred,

2 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
fred, and his *Brother*, could by
no Means be determinate; but
were in that kind of Situation
which attends *weak States*, when
threatened by neighbouring Prin-
ces, too powerful for their Oppo-
sition; and though one Territory
lay less exposed to Danger than
the other, yet their mutual In-
terests were so firmly cemented,
the *one* could not suffer, even
the slightest Depredation, without
very sensibly affecting the *other*.

Thus circumstanced, the two
Brothers planned out various
Schemes of providing against that
Misfortune, which though it seem-
ed,

ed, immediately, to hover over the Head of only one, yet the other would partake as fully, as if he himself sustained the Shock. — And though the Procedure they were so firmly united in, might appear to narrow Minds, a *pecuniary* Injury to their Family, they were stimulated by Motives superior to such limited Views; and considered the Support of their *Family* Interest, not merely dependant upon the immediate increase of its *Wealth*, but judged it more *essentially* regarded, in forming such an Alliance with it, as inevitably promised a series of *Happy Hours*; and which, from

4 · History of Sir Harry Herald

its future Events, would prove, *Passion alone*, had not been the moving Principle; but an inva-riable Disposition, to support the *real* Interests, Tranquility, and Re-pose, of their ancient House——which was not to be secured, alone, by accumulating *Wealth*, but by a strict Adherence to the Principles Honor, Virtue, and Prudence, had dictated, in the En-gagements they had maturely weighed, before they entered into,——and such as their Posterity, uninfluenced, by mistaken Preju-dices, would regard as the Basis of their Happiness.

Those

Those Lovers who extend their Views to Futurity, and are not restrained, from acting correspondently with the Laws of Truth, though repugnant to those of immediate Interest, will readily applaud their Conduct, and determine in their favour.

Some Readers, perhaps there are, who will be apt to say, there is too much time employed in Defence of the Passion of two Lovers, who made Virtue, and Honour a Plea for precipitating themselves into an Act, that was not defensible; because in Opposition to the Power and Authority,

6 History of Sir Harry Herald

rity, of those, whose Commands they should more steddily have revered.—If such there are, I am inclin'd to think, they are a little allied in Disposition to the *Pride* of Sir *Harry*, or *Petulancy* of his Brother—which if Reason does not evince, they were erroneous in, 'tis possible, some future Pages of this History may, hereafter, bring about—therefore they are intreated to suspend their Opinion, and not judge, as they conclude the young Brothers have, too precipitately.

Their Deliberations were interrupted by a Message from Sir
3 B Harry

and Sir Edward Haunch.

7.

Harry, to Alfred, to attend him forthwith in his Apartment.

— The Business of the old Gentleman was, to know what Influence the Remonstrances he had been directed to make his Brother, had appeared to have on his Mind, for according to that, the Negotiations at Sir Edward Haunch's were to be conducted.

This Interview between the Father and Son, was equally distasteful to both; to the latter, in reporting, and to the former, in receiving the Resolutions Charles avowed, of abiding by

8 History of Sir Harry Herald

the Dictates Love and Honour inspired him with, and which no subsequent Views had the Power of repelling.

Alfred, as he had before done, exerted his Strength of Eloquence and Reason, in Defence of his Brother's Passion, as far as Discretion, and the mistaken Principles of Pride, he knew his Father so firmly attached to, would admit.—But *now*, as *then*, it proved wholly insufficient to obliterate in any Degree, the Ideas inculcated of *Ancestry*, *Family*, and *Birth*; which Acquisitions of *Chance*, he would not

and Sir Edward Haunch. 9

not admit to be levelled with the far more valuable ones, *Nature* implants of *Truth*, *Virtue*, and every other amiable *Quality*, which are justly esteemed the *Ornaments* of the *Mind*, and must have been the *original Source* of *Distinction* amongst *Men*.—How much to be lamented, the Degeneracy of Heart that considers these, but as *secondary* Merits, nay, too frequently, runs into a Depravity more erroneous than *Sir Harry Herald's*, and establishes the Sum of human Happiness, to be centered in the amassing *Wealth*; without a single Reflection, of

B 5 putting

10 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

putting one of the social Virtues into the Balance. Men of this Stamp pass on in Life, indeed, without incurring the Censure of the *Laws* of their Country, but can never be esteemed as meritorious Members of it; yet are hardy enough to inveigh with the utmost Bitterness, against such, who, formed with an ingenuous Benevolence of Heart, a spirited Liberality of Soul, sacrifice their Fortunes, either to the Necessities of their Friends, or Fellow-Creatures, or else to some national Honour or Advantage; and can it, with any Degree

and Sir Edward Haunch. 31

Degree of solid Argument, be asserted, the Principles of the former Class of Men, are equally founded with the latter, for the Enlargement of *private* Happiness, or *public* Utility?—The Extremes of one, may be admitted to have its *own peculiar* Inconvenience, but the other no Plea of Extenuation.

Though these Reflections have not an absolute and direct Tendency to the Characters before us, yet 'tis hoped such an Analogy, is evidently between them, their being made in this Place, will
not

12 History of Sir Harry Herald

not be charged with much impropriety, or the Chicane of an Author, for lengthening out his Chapter.



CHAP.



CHAP. II.

*A Journey of four Miles described;
a Treaty of Marriage proposed,
and how stipulated.*

THE Parade and Pomp with which Sir *Harry*, and his Brother, sat out upon their Negotiation, more resembled that of an Embassy, from one State to another, than a Visit of a Country Gentleman to his Neighbour, at about four Miles distance — The State-Coach, (never used

34 History of Sir Harry Herald

used but upon extraordinary Occasions) was cleaned and furnished up, in the best manner—It, indeed, was not of the most *modern Taste*, but what it wanted in that, was supplied by the *Magnificence* of its *Gilding*, *Carving*, and *Painting*; which, it must be acknowledged, Time, with its rude Hand, had somewhat defaced—nor were its Devastations confined to the exterior Parts of this, *once, superb Vehicle*, but its Ravage, by a curious Eye, was also discernable in the *crimson Velvet Lining*, which had gone through various *Emendations* and *Additions*; but
its

its Use was not to be dispensed with, it had been his Grandfather's. and by many emblematical Figures on the outside, described various heroic Deeds, that Gentleman had been remarkable for, during the civil Wars.

In this venerable Machine, drawn by six Horses, were seated the Baronet, and his Brother, preceded in another Coach and four, with his Steward, and followed by a Chariot, with the same Number of Horses, with his Gentleman, and every Servant of his Family, in, and out, of

16 History of Sir Harry Herald
of Livery, on Horseback. —
With this Cavalcade, together
with Numbers of Country-Peo-
ple, collected upon the Road,
they arrived at Sir *Edward Haunch's*,
who with more Ceremony, than
sat perfectly easy upon him,
received them at his Gate, his
Servants in their best Liveries
attending, and his House, as
was before-hinted, put into the
most exact and ample Order; in
some Degree, it may be pre-
sumed to gratify his *own*, as well
as the Pride of Sir *Harry*. —
After the necessary Ceremonials
were past, of conducting them,
with all imaginable Form, into
the

and Sir Edward Haunch. 17

the House, and they were seated in the great Parlor, two or three Servants attended with Wine, Sweet-meats, and what Fruit the Season of the Year afforded.

Sir *Harry*, after this short Repast was over, made his Encomiums upon the House, its Situation and Elegancy of its Furniture, which gave the other an Occasion he wished for, of displaying the Apparatus that had been made, and convincing him the *whole* Pomp of the County was not centered in *his* House *alone*.——Every Apartment that manifested the Wealth of its Owner,

18 History of Sir Harry Herald

Owner, was traversed, and on their Return down Stairs, they were conducted into one, they had not before been in, where a very elegant, cold Entertainment was set out, in a more expensive Kind, than Sir *Edward* chose, but the Direction of it, he had submitted to *Meliora*, and her Spirit and Taste, as they far out-stripp'd the old Gentleman's, was, at least, *equal* to any of her own Sex, which were here demonstrated by a happy Propriety, in the blending *Delicacy* and *Expence*.— She presided at the Table, and the brilliant Appearance she made, received an additional Lustre, from the

and Sir Edward Haunch. 19

the easy Negligence, with which she seemed to consider the Ornaments of her Person, which a less elegant Woman would have wore, with a constrained Formality and Preciseness, which Pride enforces.—But *Meliora* regarded Dress, in the same View, she did good Sense and Wit, by reflecting, when either was attended with an apparent Consciousness of superior Merit, that very Merit the Possessor attempted to establish, was in a large Degree, if not totally, destroyed.

Sir Harry, after speaking largely of the Conduct, as well as Politeness,

20 History of Sir Harry Herald

liteness of their Entertainment; said, those Families which were not happy enough to have a *Lady* superintend, laboured under numberless Indecorums and Defects, that were banished from those, which were rendered happy by such a Conductress; and he had never observed so *singular* an Instance of its Effect, as in the Order and Oeconomy, that manifested the superior Talents and Abilities which shone so conspicuously in the fair Agent, who had regulated their Reception of that Day, and which brought back to his Memory, not only the *superb*, but *refined* Taste of
the

and Sir Edward Haunch. 21

the Ladies, celebrated in his Youth, equally for the Dignity of their Minds, as Beauty of their Persons; that he was by no means surpris'd, to have received a Report, they were *both* so amiably united there, that *Princes* might rejoice in participating the Pleasures they conferred.

Meliora told him, she made no Doubt the Ladies of the Time, he mentioned, largely *deserved* the Encomiums he had bestowed, however *deficient* any of those of the present might prove—but he had given incontestible Proofs of the high Breeding, and perfect

fect Elegancy, of the *Gentlemen* of those Days, and which time had not been able to dispossess of its original Delicacy, and which would do Honour to the *Youth* of *this* Age, to form Precedents from.

A Compliment thus judiciously calculated, and which spoke to the *Soul* of the Man, to whom it was paid, could not fail of the Influence purposed by the Speaker, and from those Efforts of Fire, that faintly made their Way to the old Gentleman's Eyes, had time been twenty Years backward in their Decrease; the *Ral-*
lery

lery of *Meliora* to her Father, in a former Chapter, might have become a matter of more *serious Reflection*, however, it served her as a Subject of future Amusement, with her Father, Lover, and Friend.

When she had stayed some short time, after the Duties of the Table were discharged, she retired—when, Mr. *Herald*, with an Impatience natural to him, asked Sir *Harry*, if he had not *forgot* the Occasion that brought them thither? who with a *Solemnity*, as natural to him, replied, he seldom *forgot*, even *minute*

24 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
nute Things, that were incum-
bent on him to recollect; - but in
Matters of *Importance*, as he never
wanted a Remembrancer, he also
never spoke to them, or entered
upon their Discussion, till Oc-
casion, and Propriety, took place
of Precipitation, and Indecorum;
but since those were superseded,
he should now, in its due Forms,
open to Sir *Edward*, the Pur-
pose, which had proved the In-
strument of that Day's Pleasure—
and desiring no Interruption might
arise from the Intrusion of Ser-
vants, delivered himself in the fol-
lowing Words.

The

The Knowledge, Sir *Edward*, you must have acquired, by your own judicious Observation from a long series of Years, must indubitably have convinced you, how highly incumbent it is, upon those Parents, who are of *Rank* and *Family*, to be greatly Vigilant and Circumspect, in the Disposition of their Children, in that important Article of Marriage—and, I will venture to pronounce, that amongst us of *Birth* and *Fortune*, the greatest Evils have arose, from *contaminating* the pure Stream of unsullied Blood, which has flowed for Ages, through an illustrious Race, by mingling in a *Ple-*

VOL. II. C *beian*

26 History of Sir Harry Herald
beian Channel. — It is an Injury,
Time, in its longest Duration, is
incapable of Correcting. — The Stains
are permanent, and never to be
effaced by the longest Succession
of Generations. — 'Tis to be greatly
lamented our Laws have not pro-
vided sufficient Security against
Alliances, so inevitably productive
of the Dishonour, and Well-being
of a Nation, which can never
attract either the Esteem, or Re-
verence of its Neighbouring *Prin-*
ces, whilst a Degeneracy appears
amongst its *Nobility* and *Gentry*,
in contracting Alliances with the
Obscure, and *Vulgar*. — It debases
the very Source of Honour — and
if

if our Ancestors are admitted from their Seats above, to review our Actions here, such Prostitution of that great Preheminence we derive from them, must necessarily disturb their Repose, and cover them with Confusion.

Sir *Edward* said, he had always understood, and believed, that the Serenity of the Inhabitants of those Seats above, was not to be disturbed even by Transactions of *Moment*, that occurred upon *Earth*; therefore could not possibly conceive it was to be interrupted by any Pursuits Persons made, relative to *Birth* and *Family* — since,

28 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
in Nature, Mankind could be
considered, only, as one large ex-
tended Family.—Ay, ay, inter-
rupted Mr. *Herald*, doubtless these
are Points, Heaven has left to
our own Dispositions, and Pru-
dence, and the Portion it has
allotted us, if properly executed, is
sufficient to direct us—and I must
dissent from my Brother, in sup-
posing our most necessary Cares
are to be employed, about *Family*
and *Descent*—A good *Fortune*, in
my Opinion, mends the Blood of
the best—this I am sure of—it
creates a more cheerful Circulation
—and *Princes*, in Poverty, are
the most melancholly Objects upon
Earth.

and Sir Edward Haunch. 29

Earth. His Attention is to Family, mine, I acknowledge, is to Fortune, and on that Subject, as far as relates to me, Sir, you are troubled with this Visit.—You have, it seems, taken under your Protection and Care, an Orphan young Woman, with whom a Nephew of mine, I have adopted as my Heir, is ridiculously fallen in Love with—I say *ridiculously*, because I am well informed she is a *Beggar*, and wholly a Dependant upon your Humanity.

—Now, Sir, as the Estate I purpose leaving him (if he continues to deserve it) is considerable, I expect he shall marry some Woman with a Fortune in proportion,

30 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
tion,——otherwise I shall wholly
alter my Resolutions, and give
every Shilling to his elder Brother;
this, Sir, I am persuaded, you will
think a most unhappy Circumstance
for *both*, and I profess to you, I
am heartily concerned for the
poor Girl, should she be mad
enough to marry a young Fellow
without a Penny——which I am
peremptorily determined shall be
his Fate;——and in this, his
Father, and myself, are unani-
mous.——But *he* has something
to propose, Sir, of a more pleasing
kind, though, in a Degree connected
with what *I* have mentioned,
and more immediately relates to
him to inform you of. Sir

and Sir Edward Haunch. 31

Sir Harry, addressing himself to his Brother-Baronet, said,—Your Family, Sir Edward, seems, by mine, to be pointed out as the seat of Love——though not so happily in the younger Branch as in the Elder, where the Choice is countenanced by a due Proportion of the Gifts of Fortune, and such a Superiority of Merit in the lovely Object, as might induce even dispensing with Considerations of a precise Equality in Blood. But, the Virtues, Sir Edward, of your fair Daughter, apparently claim their Origin from the purest Fountains of Antiquity, and I think it a Duty highly incumbent upon you, to trace

C 4 back

32 History of Sir Harry Herald

back your *Lineage*, to our *earliest* Accounts—in which, I rest assured, you will not fail of finding, that, so bright an Ornament of a Family, cannot but derive its Excellencies from an *illustrious Spring*.—And I am the more fully possessed of this Opinion, from that Sympathy of Souls in our Offspring, that cannot take its being but from a Parity of *coeval Ancestry*.

Sir *Edward*, with a Shrug that denoted but slender Approbation of such elevated Strains, said, these are Concerns, I really have not much busied my Mind about—nor thought it worth while to consider

and Sir Edward Haunch. 33

sider who were the Instruments of my Girl's good Qualities, beyond her Mother, myself, and Nature.—But, Sir, if I rightly understand you, the Sum of what you have said amounts to this,—that your eldest Son has looked upon my Daughter, as a Woman he should choose to make a Wife of—and that you are not at all averse to the Match, though she should not happen to stretch out so long a line of *Antiquity*. But, give me leave to tell you Sir Harry, that at my Death, she shall number a Parcel of *Acres*, that will put many *Pedigrees* in this Kingdom out of Countenance — and

C 5

with

34 History of Sir Harry Herald
with a sounder Title, than most
of them can prove to their *boasted*
Descent.——

Ay, ay, interrupted Mr. *Herald*,
the Parchments that convey a round
Number of *Acres*, are of infinite
more Worth, than those which
contain the longest *Genealogy* in
Europe.—Then, addressing himself
to Sir *Harry*, said, pray, Brother, let
us come to Points, and not dwell
thus long upon idle Punctilios.

Your Reproof, Brother, replied
Sir *Harry*, is wholly superfluous—
I have, you might observe, declined,
as you term them, every idle
Punc-

Punctilio, and shall, in farther conformity to your *sage* Admonition, if Sir *Edward* approves (and I can scarce suggest the Reverse) of an Alliance with *my* Family; when proper Settlements, and other necessary Preliminaries are adjusted. —I shall now mention to him the previous Condition to such a Treaty, which, Sir, is relative to the precipitate Passion my *younger* Son has engaged himself in, for the unfortunate Stranger, who now receives a Sanction under your Roof—*Felicia*, if I mistake not, is her Name—that the earliest, and most prudential Steps should be taken, for the Prevention of

36 History of Sir Harry Herald
a Commerce so injurious, and unequal, I believe, Sir *Edward*, you will readily acquiesce, is manifestly incumbent on me, both as a Parent, and Man of Honor, who should be ever watchful for the Dignity of his *House*, which by such Disparity of Union, would be irretrievably impaired — therefore hope, Sir, you will not judge the Demand of her Dismission, as an Article of too great Rigor, for acceding to, previous to any future Negotiation.

Sir *Edward*, after a short Pause of Recollection, said, I esteem, Sir, the Proposition you have made

made of an Alliance with my Family, as a peculiar Mark of Honor—but regard it more, from a very high Opinion I hold of your Son's Merit, as a worthy honest Man, and of a most unblemished Character,—and should be greatly concerned that any Person who received the Protection of *my* Family, should prove the Means of disturbing the Repose of *yours*; and especially, that from thence, any impediment should arise to prevent the entering upon a Treaty of Marriage, I readily acknowledge, I should be proud to see consummated.—And, I dare believe, Sir *Harry*, you'll not suppose me less sincere

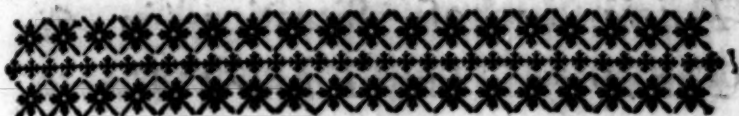
38 History of *Sir Harry Herald*

sincere in my Profession, if, in an Affair, where the Memory of a dead Friend, Tenderness to his Child, and the Ties of common Humanity, interfere, I think sometime necessary, for giving a determined Answer.

This was acceded to, and the Time stipulated for Sir *Edward's* Resolution, which put an end to the present Interview, and is necessary it should do the same to this Chapter.



CHAP.



C H A P. III.

*Not so entertaining as some which
are to follow.*

I Believe it may be very justly
concluded, the majority of
Readers, into whose Hands Pro-
ductions of this kind fall, are
formed by Nature, with Feeling
and Sensibility; therefore it will,
with equal Propriety, be con-
cluded, whoever has read thus
far, has some tender Apprehen-
sions

40 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
sions for the impending Fate of
Felicia, whose Situation in the
Family of Sir *Edward Haunch*,
does not appear established upon
so firm a Basis, as it did some
Chapters since; for, notwithstanding,
in the last, that Gentleman
made some Professions, that car-
ried Marks of Candor and Re-
gard, yet, I am persuaded, Readers
of the Class just now mentioned,
will perceive his Humanity to-
ward *Felicia*, bending to his
nearer Ties, and closer Affec-
tions toward his *Daughter*.—And
indeed, though their *Pity* be ex-
tended to *her*, their *Blame* I think
will not fall very heavy upon *him*,
since,

and Sir Edward Haunch. 47

since, the general Calls of *Compassion*, can never dissipate those of *Blood*, and the feeling of a *Father*: Or, should the Severity of any of our *Female* Readers pronounce against him, yet when they shall know the fluctuating State of his Mind, the Inquietude he suffered, and the favourable Resolutions he formed, they will judge more candidly, and perhaps, suffer him to stand wholly excused.

Immediately after the Departure of Sir *Harry Herald*, and his Brother, he retired to his Apartment, sent for his Daughter, and

42 History of Sir Harry Herald

and communicated to her, the whole of the Propositions he had received—which, when she had heard, Love and Friendship, alternately, filled her Breast, each was repelled, and each presided—every possible Means was canvassed by which they might coincide—Transport, and Dejection of Spirits, certainly, at one time, had never so full Possession of the human Heart—their Struggles were too violent to find their Passage in Words, till Tears had unladed some Part of the Anguish she sustained, which having made their Way and followed by a Heart-felt Oh, she said, hard, hard

and Sir Edward Haunch. 43

hard Injunction of my Fate! that in one Breath proclaims my *Bliss*, and *Bane*! shall the Condition of my *Happiness*, be made the Seal of another's *Misery*? and of the Woman too, I value and esteem, with a Regard, unfeigned, as just? Shall *she* be ruined in her Love? be made an Outcast too? must it be thus? or must my *own* perpetual Peace be lost? Are these the Goods of Birth and Fortune? how cruel the imagined Benefit! Nor will the Misery be *mine* alone, but *Alfred's* generous Soul must be oppressed with equal Pangs, must share in every anxious Hour of mine.

The

44 History of Sir Harry Herald

The old Gentleman, a good deal affected with the first Part of *Meliora's* exclamatory Grief, for the unhappy Situation of her Friend, was not less *surprised* at the Declaration made in favour of *Alfred*, having no Idea, of any previous Intercourse.—However, as it fell in with the Proposition he had then made known to her, and her Mind was, apparently, under the severest Inquietude, he thought it improper to exert any parental Authority of chiding, for a Breach of Duty, in commencing such an Engagement unknown to *him*, and was, indeed, a Circumstance he was rather

rather *pleased*, than *disgusted* with—
 therefore joining with her, in
 Condolance of *Felicia's* Fate, told
 her, he much applauded her Sen-
 timents of Friendship, and sincerely
 sympathised in her Concern, yet
 notwithstanding, there was a true
old, though *vulgar* Saying, that
 Charity begins at Home, and
 which ought to induce *him* to
 reflect on the Welfare of his
 Child, and *her* upon her own,
 and her Lover's acknowledged
 Passion; and whether a Resigna-
 tion of *that*, or the temporary Loss
 of her *Friend*, might be best dispensed
 with—for though *Felicia* should be
 removed from the Protection she
 received

46 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
received in his House, he, by
no means, meant to *withdraw* it,
in a Place less liable to encourage
that ill concerted Correspondence,
subsisting between her,
and Sir *Harry Herald's* Son,
which, he told her, he was convinced
she must disapprove, since
it must, unavoidably, be attended
with Ruin to both—that Time,
and Separation, were approved
Antedotes, to expel *Love*, and
were rarely observed to fail; and
when that was accomplished, their
friendly Intimacies might be renewed;
in the mean time, he
would make her such an Allowance,
as should support her in the
same

same manner she now lived, provided, she removed herself to *London*, or elsewhere, at such Distance, and Privacy from her Lover, as should prevent any future Communication; and, with these Resolutions desired his Daughter would make her acquainted.—From which, in the most pressing Terms, she requested to be excused, but Sir *Edward* strenuously insisted upon the Execution of it, properly enough urging, that should she decline it, and oblige *him* to the Performance, *Felicia* might imagine it an Artifice, to cover with dissembled Tendernefs, Resolutions.

she

48 History of Sir Harry Herald

she had, secretly, influenced him to take.

Though this had some Appearance of *Plausibility* to *Meliora*, it had none of *Reason*, well knowing, *Felicia* had too generous and open a Mind, to harbour Suspicions, even of those, with whom she had not contracted friendly Intimacies, but more especially so, of one, who in every Instance, had given such repeated Proofs, of an unalterable and disinterested Regard.—However, upon Recollection, considering that her Father might not have the most eligible, and delicate Manner, in delivering his
Senti-

Sentiments, upon so tender a Subject, she consented to the Task; justly concluding, also, that *Felicia's* Reception of it, would be attended with less Emotion, from her than Sir *Edward*—who well pleased with the Resolution she had taken, left her to meditate the Manner, in which she should open herself, upon so severe, and melancholy an Occasion.

She, (like a Skilful, and Humane Surgeon, under the necessity of making known to his unalarmed *Patient*, some dangerous Operation, which *must* be sustained) revolved in her Mind, every

50 History of Sir Harry Herald

Method that she imagined might prove most capable of fortifying her Resolution, and rendering her as little shocked, as the Nature of the Thing would possibly admit—She knew indeed, *Felicia* had a cool, philosophical Turn, but she also knew she was in *Love*. —She recollected the Letter wrote to her Lover, in which, every Argument was pressed, to disengage him from a Passion, attended with insuperable Difficulties——but she recollected too, that every Sentiment of it, which urged the Dissolution of *his* Love, arose from the most delicate, and refined, yet indissoluble Spring of *her's*—

and Sir Edward Haunch. 51

her's—that this Delicacy of thinking, might even carry her so far, almost, to rejoice, at an Occasion, of proving the Motives of her Letter, superior to any little Female Arts, or mean Dissimulation.—

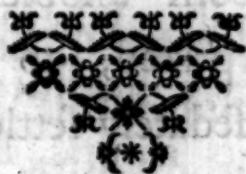
These were Efforts she was convinced, *Felicia's* Honour, and un-
sullied Integrity, would make, in supporting her Removal from Sir *Edward's* House—but *Meliora* was too intimately Knowing, in the Recesses of a Heart in Love—that when the Sacrifice offered to Honour and Integrity had been made, *those* would inevitably subside, and the latent Passion of her Heart, exert its Dominion,

52 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
with an unbounded and destruc-
tive Sway.—These Reflections were
blended with others of a differ-
ent Kind —— the Inquietude she
knew their Separation would oc-
casion, after having lived a Series
of Time, in the strictest Alliance
of Friendship, and mutual Regard,
and the Pangs that must neces-
sarily swell her Heart, at the In-
dignity of being made an Exile
from a Family, where, till then,
she had been considered, almost
as one of its natural Branches.

After revolving these complica-
ted Circumstances, but still unde-
termined on the manner of per-
suing

I

fulfilling her Purpose, she hastened to *Felicia's* Apartment; who she knew impatiently expected her Return, to be acquainted with the Subject of the Conference, of the three old Gentlemen; of which *Meliora*, justly supposed, she would conclude, Sir *Edward* had informed her.





CHAP. IV.

A critical and tender Conversation between the two Ladies.

WHEN *Meliora* returned to *Felicia's* Chamber, she found her Reading, to which she was so closely attentive, that the other entered the Room unobserved, and agreeably surprized, to find her Thoughts so sedately settled, which impatient Expectation very rarely admits; but which *she* had prudentially disengaged herself from, by applying to a moral Lesson of Instruction.

After

After a short space, *Meliora*, in a lower, and less spirited Voice than was habitual to her, said, what, my dear *Felicia*, are you so deeply attentive to? But you are one of those few Readers, who never consider Books, merely as the Toys of Amusement, but Instruments of improving the *Mind*; by embracing, or avoiding the Precepts and Examples they contain.—The other replied, whatever Powers Nature had bestowed upon her, in Contemplating what she read, *Meliora's* partial Friendship induced her to consider them in much too advantageous a Light—they had, indeed, been just then

56 History of Sir Harry Herald

employed, in establishing her in an Opinion, the Weakness of her Sex has, sometimes, suffered her to waver in — which was, that all the promised Joys, Love might flatter a Woman into, with a Man of superior Rank and Fortune, to herself, were at best but transient — ever attended with Consequences difficult, and dangerous, sometimes with fatal Ruin and Destruction——as in the Instance now before me, of poor *Monimia*, in *Otway's* Play of the *Unhappy Marriage*.

This was an Occasion too apt for *Meliora* not to make use of,
as

and Sir Edward Haunch. 57

as prefatory to the melancholy Tale, though not of so deep a Cast she herself had to relate — and sighing, said, she had often reflected on the Fate of *Monimia*, as *immorally severe*; and thought it a very violent Breach of the Laws, both of *Dramatic*, and *Rational* Justice, that the Innocent and Guilty should be alike involved in the same Punishment — For surely, it can never be imputed to her as a *Crime*, that she loved *Castalio*; though as you, I think, too rigidly have judged, his Birth and Fortune were above her.

Do5 and ni Pardon

58 History of Sir Harry Herald

Pardon me, my Dear, replied *Felicia*, I have not charged it on her as a *Crime*, but an *Indiscretion*; which if prudently avoided in its *Infancy*, she had escaped her *own*, and prevented the destructive *Ruin* of the Man she loved.

Can you then, returned *Meliora*, imagine it so practicable a Task, to bend the *Laws* of *Love* to those of *Prudence*? Suppose, for an Instance, the Father of *Castalio*, had early made Discovery of his Son's Passion for *Monimia*; and to disunite their Hearts, had cruelly enjoined her leaving his Family; can you suppose it in the reach of Female Reso-

Resolution, to abide the Sentence with an equal Mind? To endure the Separation from a Family, and Female friend, such as *Serina* seems to have been, because *Discretion* dictates? Are Minds United by the Ties of social Love, and sympathizing Nature, to break their Bands, when partial *Fortune* bids? And grant, that *these* by cool Reflection were suppressed—what *Stoicism*, think you, could dissipate the stronger Bands, which *Love* cements; and form the Heart, with *calm Indifference*, to ruminate on its lost Felicity?—Could *you*, my dearest Girl, so circumstanced as poor *Monimia* might

60 History of Sir Harry Herald
might have been, follow those
Rules, your Prudence has pre-
scribed for *her*?

Felicia replied, whatever, my
dear *Meliora*, I might prescribe
for *Monimia* to have followed, I
perceive your tender Friendship
has kindly meditated these prepa-
ratory Lenitives, to soften *me* into
Submission, to the impending Trial
of the Practice of my boasted Spe-
culation. — Tell me, my Dear, be
not fearful, indeed I can support
the Shock——I know I can—Ills
we have deliberated on, are les-
sened in their near Approach, and
more supportable than we at first
fug-

and Sir Edward Haunch. 61

suggested. — But need I *ask* my Fate? those rising Tears pronounce it—If you would wish me capable to bear it as I ought, you must appear less sensibly affected with its Weight, or I shall sink with Softness, from such endearing Sympathy.

Here both remained for some Time silent—*Felicia* observing *Meliora's* Tears flow still faster, renewed her Entreaties for the suppressing them—but, in a manner too pathetic to obtain what she asked; adding fresh Force to that Grief, she hoped to assuage—and finding herself falling into the same

62 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
same Softness, said, my Dear, let
me intreat we may change this
affecting Subject, which I Fear
our Spirits are equally incapable
of sustaining—and since, from the
kind Concern which so deeply
affects you, 'tis evident the Result
of the Conference with Sir *Harry*
Herald, his Brother, and Sir *Ed-*
ward, is essentially relative to me,
I will, *myself*, take an Occasion
to receive it from your Father—
but let it now subside.—Tell me,
my Dear, was the Entertainment
served up with that Order, and
Politeness, you had directed it?
I gave the little Assistance, I was
capable, in adjusting it, in the
Manner

and Sir Edward Haunch. 63

Manner you had so elegantly laid down—and was, indeed, digested into so regular a Method, it could not easily miscarry.

Whatever Merit, returned *Meliora*, was in the whole of it—I am sure my dear *Felicia* is at least entitled to an equal Proportion——and ought to have received her Part of those Encomiums Sir *Harry* so lavishly bestowed upon it—and could I, have prevailed upon your too strict Reserve, it *had* been so.—Could you have been influenced to have Dressed, and let the Tyrants see you—their Hearts had

64 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
had then, perhaps—Here the Bell
ringing for Supper, very season-
ably prevented her from renew-
ing a Conversation, too affecting
for either.



CHAP.



C H A P. V.

*With which the Reader, if in Love,
may, possibly, be affected.*

DURING Supper, Sir Edward observing great Discomposure, both in the Countenances and Conduct of his Daughter and Felicia, concluded the former had obeyed his Directions, and fully acquainted the latter, with the Determination he had come to; in consequence of which, when the Servants were with-

66 History of Sir Harry Herald

withdrawn, he relieved *Felicia*, from a Task, which would have proved greatly irksom to her, by opening it himself, in the following manner.

It gave me much Concern, good *Felicia*, to be obliged to charge my Daughter, with that ungrateful Commission, which I am convinced, her having acquainted you with, has occasioned the Melancholy that hangs upon you both; it was a Condition Sir *Harry* insisted on, which, when I considered, as a Father *myself*, I could not refuse; since the Welfare of one of his Sons, was so

so nearly concerned, and that of my own *Daughter's Marriage* with the other, proposed in Consideration of it.—And, Child, if you are maintained in the same manner you now live, which I will punctually take care shall be done, I see no great Reason thou hast to repine, since, I make no doubt, as thou art a good sightly young Woman, Fortune will throw some other Man in thy way, may make thee much happier than *Charles Herald* would have done—for the fantastical Pride of his *Father*, and whimsical Oddity of his *Uncle*, had they been brought hereafter, to
have

68 History of Sir Harry Herald

have been reconciled—yet the Reflections on the Obscurity of Birth on *one* side, and having no Fortune on the *other*, 'tis odds, would have made thee a miserable Woman.——I suppose, the parting of you and my Daughter, as you have lived together from Girls, will prove very disagreeable to you both—but in a little time, if *you* don't find another *Husband*, I'll warrant the *young Fellow* will another *Wife*——and then, Girls, you may gossip together again, as happily as ever.

This Speech of Sir *Edward's*, not being delivered with the greatest

and Sir Edward Haunch. 69

greatest Tenderneſs, was a Circumſtance that favoured *Felicia*, in collecting her Spirits, which, if delivered with more Delicacy and Softneſs, might, moſt probably, have ſo much ſunk, and overwhelmed them, ſhe would only have been able to have answered him with Tears—but, addreſſing herſelf to him, with great Calmneſs, ſaid, let me firſt, Sir, render you my unfeigned Acknowledgments of Gratitude, for that paternal Care and Indulgence, with which you have, ſo many Years, left me unconſcious of the early Loſs of *natural* Parents, whoſe Ties of *Blood* could not
have

70 History of Sir Harry Herald

have bound them faster in my tenderest Regards, than your *Humanity* has done——Next, Sir, receive my humble Thanks, for your benevolent Intention of yet continuing the same extensive Goodness, though removed from the Protection of your Roof, under which, while you became a *second Father*, I have *here* (turning to *Meliora*) received the tenderest Proofs of an unalterable *Friend*, and most indulgent *Sister*—from the Separation of whom, if there be a Thought, can make it in the least supportable, it is, that *her future Happiness*, will prove the

and Sir Edward Haunch. 71

the pleasing Consequence of my
present Anxiety.

The Happiness, replied *Meliora*,
that entails the Misery of another,
will find, I fear, its Expectation
blasted, by still recurring to the
injurious Means, which wrought
the promised Purchase; nor can
Hope, even sooth the Breast, that
has proved the Instrument, if *in-*
nocently, of planting dark Despair,
though in a *Stranger's* Breast—
What then shall prove its Lot,
where *Friendship's* Charms were
insufficient to repel the Blow?
Such Happiness can ne'er be per-
manent, because unjustly founded
—and

72 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
—and I will never—Here,
Sir Edward turning his Eyes to-
ward his Daughter, with some
Marks of Resentment, *Felicia*
thought it prudent to interrupt
her going on, and addressing her
in the most persuasive Manner,
said, my dear *Sister*—permit me
now, to call you by that tender
Name—these feeling Softnesses no
other can be equal to—why will
you impute to that regular *Equality*,
which Justice warrants, in a due
Support of Birth and Fortune, any
Breach of the most firm, and long
contracted Friendship? Believe me,
were I to obstruct the Balance
being kept, in this so equitable
Cause—

and Sir Edward Haunch. 73

Cause—I should for ever feel the Stings of Self-reproach.—It were to invert the Rules of *right* and *wrong*—you would, I know, despise me, could you think me capable of harbouring such a Thought.

My honest Wench, interrupted Sir *Edward*, I applaud thy Resolution and Prudence, and could wish, with all my Heart, they were employed upon some Occasion, that would prove more advantageous to thee—however, I promise thee, they shall not go wholly unrewarded—and who knows, my Girl, if we settle all things to my

VOL. II. E liking,

74 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
liking, for my Daughter's Match,
when that's well over, but we
may persuade the old Fellows
into better Temper? And I as-
sure thee, thou shalt not want *my*
good Word and Assistance in it;
but at present, these musty *Cuffs*
must be humoured.—In the
Morning, Child, I'll talk more
particularly to thee, and let thee
know how, and in what man-
ner, I would have thee dispose
of thyself—so I wish you both a
good Night, and get you to bed—
and I desire my little *Melly*, I
may hear no more of your strange
Romantic Notions, but, d'ye mind
me,

and Sir Edward Haunch. 75

me, — learn Discretion of your Friend here.

The old Gentleman being gone, *Meliora*, embracing *Felicia*, said, thou Miracle of Fortitude, and unequalled greatness of Mind! The Stories told of *Greek* and *Roman* Women, will all be lightly held, when *thine* is heard—— some of them 'tis said, have given up *Life* for Husbands, Lovers, and their Country, but the *supporting* Life, and yet remain possessed of the most tender Passion for a Man, who merits all esteem, and fondly pays that Passion back, *this*, to be done,

E 2

with

76 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
with thy unshaken Firmness, is
Heroism, surpassing far the *Loss of*
Life—that's a Refuge *Fear* sug-
gests—but thine, is Constancy of
Mind, superior, even, to manly
Courage.

Heaven grant, returned *Felicia*,
I deserve the smallest Portion of
this lavish Praise! my Resolution
sickens into Softness, at the
Thought of Morning—how shall
I support the *Meeting* of To-mor-
row? how the *Parting*? how will
the generous, tender Soul of *Charles*
be struck, when he is informed
of the too just Determination,
from this Day's Meeting of his
Father,

and Sir Edward Haunch. 77

Father, Uncle, and Sir *Edward*?
for *him* more than *myself* I feel—
He has a Heart so gently calm, it
will not bear the Ruffle of so rude
a Storm! Where are now the
Precepts, I so largely dictate in
my Letter? where are *those* I
loudly boasted a few Minutes
since? what Praise is *now* my due?
Alas! my *Meliora*, I have de-
ceived myself, and you—I am not
what I thought—my Heart is
Woman all.

Meliora now should have taken
the side of Consolation and Ad-
vice; but if her Spirits were be-
fore agitated with the *warmth* of

78 History of Sir Harry Herald

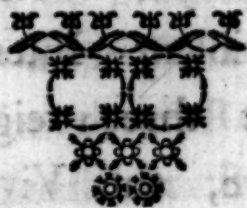
her Friendship, they were now sunk into Depression with its *Tenderness*; which *Felicia* perceiving, resumed hers in the best manner she was able, saying, thank Heaven! I feel returning Reason strengthen me anew† and aid me in the Purpose *that* directs.—Let us retire, my Dear,—*Alfred* and *Charles*, you know, are to be early here, and not to be prepared to meet them, might be attended with some unlucky Circumstance or other, which 'twill be prudent to prevent, by getting what Rest we can, to be ready for their Reception—*Meliora* joined in her Opinion, and

and they retired to their separate Apartments.

In the Dispositions of these two Ladies, may be marked, the various Traces of the Passions—Love, Friendship, and Honor, were indeed, conspicuously evident in both,—but though *one* was, by Nature, of the most *sprightly, vivacious* Turn of Mind, when unruffled and composed; and the *other* of a more *phlegmatic, melancholy* Cast, yet when there be-
fel any violent Interposition to disturb the three reigning Principles above, the Vivacity of the *former*, was quite unequal to the
E 4 Weight,

80 History of Sir Harry Herald

Weight, and the Want of Spirits in the *latter*, was supplied by a calm Determination, which supported her, against the Malevolence of her Fortune, and the lost Intrusions Love made in her Bosom,—and it might have been reasonably enough imagined, that from the *general* Bent of their Dispositions, just the *reverse* should have happened.



C H A P.



C H A P. VI.

Containing a Circumstance little expected.

T H E Brothers, *Alfred* and *Charles*, impatient to learn the Determination the Triumvirate had made, mounted their Horses, the following Morning, early enough to be unnoticed by any of their *own* Family (except the Servant who was directed to attend the Stables) or any of *that* they Visited; but *Meliora*, whose

82 History of Sir Harry Herald

Countenance and Conduct, were too *expressively silent*, not to possess them with Ideas, even more anxious than their worst Conceptions had formed—but of a kind far Distant and Remote, from the *immediate* Cause—continuing still unable to Speak—but breaking into Tears, she gave the following Letter into *Alfred's* Hand—

“BELIEVE me, my dearest
Meliora, I am less alarmed
 with the Dangers I am on the
 Brink of Encountering, than at
 the affecting Sensibility, I know
 you will be touched with, for
 my thus precipitately throwing
 myself

and Sir Edward Haunch. 83
myself upon them — but let ^{your} her
tender Friendship reflect on the
rigorous Alternative — Was it in
Resolution, or Prudence, to sup-
port the Meeting of this Morn-
ing? I found myself wholly une-
qual to the Task — and to decline
it, was my only Refuge — its Con-
sequences must have been *mutu-
ally fatal* — for, alas! if in *Absence*
Reason sickened into Softness —
in *Meeting*, all its Powers, I fear,
had vanished utterly — And can I
think *his Fortitude* would have
received Addition from *my Weak-
ness*? — Impossible! it would have
thrown him on the rash Resolve,
perhaps, of pressing our immedi-
ate

84 History of Sir Harry Herald
ate Marriage—O my *Meliora*! I
triumph in the Conquest, Friend-
ship gains of Love, in my rejec-
ting such a Trial, which might
have proved the Bane of all my
plighted Truth to *thee*—my Gra-
titude, and every Tie, which Hea-
ven exacts from those, who stand
like me, Examples of its indul-
gent Care, dispensed by such be-
nevolent, such tender Breasts, as
still are open to the Wretched;
and has been dealt in such abun-
dance, under this hospitable Roof.
But, these Considerations all apart,
Should I deliberate a Moment,
where *Meliora*'s Happiness had the
remotest Glimpse of being made
the

and Sir Edward Haunch. 85

the forfeit of my failing Resolution, it would embitter every promised Joy, that Expectation flattered with.

Occasion will, I hope, hereafter permit your knowing how this unhappy Exile is disposed of—but till I hear your Felicity, with that of *Alfred's*, is compleat—and his Brother's Merit rewarded, as it ought, with a second *Meliora*—if such there be—I must remain (but in *Reflection* only) a Stranger to the Woman, who, of all her Sex, so justly claims my Heart—And, let me intreat you to give me one farther Proof of the
ten-

86 History of Sir Harry Herald

tender Title, by which you hold it, in conjuring Mr. *Herald*, not to make any Attempt toward following, or discovering me, since, it must incur the Resentment of his Father, and Uncle—and from the Precaution I have taken, be rendered utterly fruitless.

Receive, *my dear Meliora*, and present them from me, to your worthy Father, all the Acknowledgments, a grateful Heart suggests; and all, which such humane Beneficence demands—but there is something *nearer, tenderer*, calls upon me, when I would pay my Thanks to *you*, who took
me

and Sir Edward Haunch. 87

me to your Heart, and made *my* Happiness or Misery *yours* — and conscious of the pain this Separation gives it, I will not injure its Constancy and Truth, so much to say, *forget me* — but for your own dear sake — for mine, remember me, as you ever loved me, with *Ease*, with *Gentleness*, and *Joy* — with *Joy*, that *I* am Happy, by reflecting *Meliora's* so, in not considering too attentively *my* Misfortunes. — Farewel — be as blest as *Alfred* can make you — and were there greater Happiness, it would not exceed the Wishes of

FELICIA

In

88 History of Sir Harry Herald

In reading this Letter, *Alfred* was frequently interrupted, by bursts of Grief, and Exclamation, from his Brother; as well as His own sympathizing Feeling, when he ended it.—*Meliora*, as well as her Spirits would support, gave them [this Account—That having expected *Felicia*, some time, in her own Apartment, she went to *her's*, supposing Nature, weighed down, and quite overcome, had kindly lengthened Rest, to intercept that Torrent of her Grief, which the Resolves of the preceding Day, was driving fast upon her.—Here she, faltering, stopped, unable to proceed—

proceed—but resuming her Resolution, in some little time—said—when calling gently on her Name—half unwilling to disturb that soft Repose, I too well knew her *waking* Thoughts would break—on the repeating, through Necessity, the call—and still approaching nearer to her Bed—what was my Astonishment—not at her *Silence*, but her *Absence*?—Yet my Surprise, in some Degree, was lessened, by recollecting the different Ways that led to our Apartments; by which, I fondly hoped, we might have missed each other, in our mutual Intentions of meeting—I turned back to mine—and dis-

90 History of Sir Harry Herald
disappointed there—hastily traversed all the House, and in my Confusion, entered my *Father's* Chamber — but fortunately undiscovered, yet equally deceived in every other — then again, returning to *Felicia's*—upon her Toilet, I perceived this Letter, which fatally confirmed my Doubts and Fears.—What Means can be pursued for her Recovery! and the prevention of the Mischiefs, must attend a Resolution thus precipitate, tho' formed from every Virtue, might defend her against the roughest Insults of impending Danger?

Charles,

and Sir Edward Haunch 91

Charles, who for some time, had sunk into a silent Astonishment—suddenly rousing from that Lethergy, said, every Means shall instantly be used, which Expedition, pressed by ardent Love, can make; every different Road, and Village shall be traced—I have too long delayed the search—and I deserve to lose her.

Meliora, interrupting him, said, these Resolutions, though I cannot blame, and with successfully pursued, yet as they stand in Opposition to what she has so fervently enjoined, both on yourself, and me—and as I fear, what she declares,

92 History of Sir Harry Herald
declares, you'll find too prudently
supported, that all Pursuit will
prove a fruitless Labor—I should
advise submitting it to Time—
which may produce Events, her
Caution cannot guard against.

Injunctions, Madam, returned
Charles, founded on mistaken Prin-
ciples of Honor, can plead no
Claim to our Assent, but justly
call upon our Prudence to repel;
and longer to neglect the Exe-
cution, were an Offence to Love,
and Reason, not to be forgiven
—and saying this, directly left
the Room.

Meliora,

Meliora, turning to *Alfred*, said, what's to be done? how shall I advise? the suffering this Pursuit? or your endeavouring to prevent it? The latter, Madam, returned *Alfred*, I am fully persuaded would prove a needless Trial,—and what would more probably produce *Resentment*, than Concurrence——'twould be an Insult to his Love, he could not pardon, to suppose it tamely could submit, with Indolence and Ease, not to attempt recovering her——Nay, 'twere an Insult to my own—for were I circumstanced like *him*, I should despise myself, could I be prevailed

94 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
prevailed on, not to act as *he* is
resolved to do.

What, replied *Meliora*, though
against the strictest, and most so-
lemn Supplication of her you loved?
The Lover, answered *Alfred*, who
does not distinguish, when to
obey, and when *decline* Injuncti-
ons—the Observance of which,
would prove dangerous to his
Mistress, has but a slender Title
to the Name—Nay, said *Meliora*,
to be just, and openly avow my
Sentiments, I think an *implicit*
Obedience, when enjoined from a
too delicate, and refined Sense of
thinking, may justly be rejected—
where

where Love and Honor, in the Man, are the Source of it, as is so evidently the Case of Mr. *Herald*—but then the Consequence! alas! I fear for *her*, for *him*, *myself*, and *you*—for all are fatally involved!

She then related to him, the Resolutions of the preceding Day— which when he had heard, with the blended *Transport* and *Concern*, the Occasion called for— said, Why has Fate thus complicated with its supreme *Bliss*, the severe *Allay*, which Friendship feels for those, whom hard Necessity devotes the *Victims*, through

96 History of Sir Harry Herald
through whom the promised Joy
must be obtained!—Is there no
Medium—no middle Course to
steer?

Meliora interrupting, said, there
is—a fixed Resolve (in order to
preserve those Joys still pure, and
unembittered) not to partake them,
till Heaven's Smiles shall bring
about some happier Crisis, in the
Fortune of our *Friends*.

If, replied *Alfred*, the defer-
ring our Happiness, were sure to
be attended with the promot-
ing that of our *Friends*, I should
consent, even, to that *severest*
Trial—

Trial——but, pardon me, *Meliora*, if I dissent in my Opinion, as to any Utility, which can possibly arise from deferring the Consummation of our happy Union, beyond the Period, *your* Father and my *own* shall, hereafter, determine on—and did not the impatient Wishes of my Heart prompt its earliest Prosecution——She, interrupting, with a Complacency, that half bespoke assent, said, which of our Opinions weighs the heaviest in the Scale of Reason, 'tis not, I think, essential *now* should be determined——since there are Matters more immediately demand Attention——

98 History of Sir Harry Herald

What plausible Pretences can you form at home, to cover the real Motives of your Brother's Absence? which I fear will prove no easy Task, when the manner of poor *Felicia's* Flight is known—and *that*, I think impossible should long be held a Secret.

That, indeed, replied *Alfred*, is a Circumstance utterly escaped me—and I fear, will be productive of such Consequences, as may, perhaps, affect our Love—why was I so absurdly weak to suffer his Departure? I'll follow, and prevent, if possible, this inconsiderate Pursuit.—*That*, answered
Meliora,

Meliora, and the rising of my Father and the Family, doubly make it necessary we should part immediately.——The Necessity, replied *Alfred*, I indeed feel, but feel more sensibly, the strong *inquietude*, such Separation brings—the tender Tumults that alarm my Breast, in leaving *Meliora*, plead against *Necessity*, and fain would urge their *more* prevailing Claim.—She told him, whatever *they* might urge, in either Breast, Discretion dictated Obedience to *her* Law, which now no longer ought to be withheld, whatever Rigor might attend its Execution—and, saying this, left the Room,

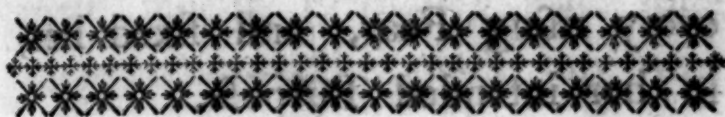
100 History of Sir Harry Herald

but in a manner, which confessed the Separation not less sensibly affecting to her, than him,

It will now be necessary to give the Reader some Account of the Progress, made by *Felicia*, in preparing for her sudden Departure, and the Consequences attending it——But as that will, with more Propriety, be the Matter of the following Chapter—to that we refer.



C H A P.



C H A P. VI.

*Which may not be unamusing to
some Readers.*

FELICIA, agitated with the
various Passions of Love,
Friendship, Grief, and Terror,
which the Apprehensions of the
Resolution she had formed, filled
her with, from its dreaded Con-
sequences, was, almost, driven
from its Execution—but the con-
stancy of Mind (her most per-
manent Passion) with which she

102 History of Sir Harry Herald

was so amply endowed, dissipated every rising Fear, and fixed her, in her intended Purpose.

Therefore, when she was retired from *Meliora*, to her own Apartment, after she had determined upon her immediate Departure, she sat down, and wrote the Letter to *Meliora*, which has been seen in the preceding Chapter; then, with what Money she was Mistress of, a Change or two of Linen, and one of a Gown, with some few valuable Trinkets, about break of Day, took a fighting Leave of the Habitation, endeared to her by every

Act

Act *Benevolence* suggested, and the most tender *Friendship* had long cemented.—She made her way toward *Sbrewsbury*, without knowing in what Track she was, till Day-light discovered to her, at a Distance, some of the Towers of its Churches—It then occurred to her, she might procure from thence, by the Boats that are frequently going, not only an easy Passage to *Gloucester*, but one least liable to Discovery, and from thence, in the Coach, to *London*, whither she was determined to go, as the Place she could best secrete herself in, and where her little Fortune lay.

104 History of Sir Harry Herald

Various Reflections occurred to her, of a proper Place for an Asylum at *Shrewsbury*, during the Interval that might happen, to oblige her Stay there, till one of the appointed Days, upon which the Boats set out, and of which she was wholly unacquainted.—Her Fortune, in this Instance, however, seemed to give a happy Earnest to her Wishes, for she was under the Necessity of staying only one Night, but of that she could receive no Notice, previous to the Choice she was to make, of some Place of Privacy. The Mercer, Milliner, and Mantua-maker, who served

served the Family, offered to her Memory, but not her Judgment; properly enough concluding, if any Means should be used, to discover her, and any Knowledge got at, of her having bent her Course toward *Shrewsbury*, those would be the first Places Enquiry would be made at—she therefore determined to stop at some small Publick-house, a little short of the Town, and as near the Water-side as possible, where she might be least liable to be seen going to the Boat.—Into such a one she went, severely fatigued with the length of her Journey, not being such, as she was ac-

customed to take, on Foot, together with the Hurry of Spirits, she was necessarily in, not having been in bed, or received the least Rest the preceding Night.—Though these were supported, in a tolerable Degree, by her strength of *Mind*, they were too rude and harsh for the Delicacy of her *Person* and *Constitution*, those almost sinking under the Pressure; for after being a few Minutes in the House, it was with the utmost Difficulty, she was prevented from fainting—and the good-natured Woman, who was Mistress of it, was so alarmed and frightened, she was greatly solicitous to have

a Physician, or Surgeon, sent for—
which *Felicia*, with those few
Spirits that remained, as strenu-
ously opposed, as they would
admit—considering, *that*, as a too
hazardous Trial, to make Ex-
periment of—and liable, almost,
to a certainty of being made
known.—These Apprehensions sti-
mulating the Blood, gave it a
more immediate and quick Cir-
culation, which proved as essential,
in preventing any farther Con-
sequence, as probably whatever
Measures might, by such Affis-
tance, have been effected—but
physical Disquisitions are not our
present Business—it *was* happily
effected—

108 History of Sir Harry Herald

effected—and *she* so well returned to herself, to desire some Tea might be got for Breakfast—to which the humane Landlady, perhaps with as much *Discretion*, as *Tenderness*, objected, such poor slip-slop was not proper for a Body in her Condition——Ods lidikins! it was no fit for naught, but to meak Foalk zick, that bin never zo hearty—zomewhat warm and coomfortable, to the Bowels, woon be much more properer—a little good buttered Eale, meade puour and warm with Nutmeg—or zum zuch loik Stuff, bin far better than that maakish, madlin Wash, good for naught but gi the Belly-eak.

Felicia

Felicia then her Good-nature—but said 'twas a Liquor she had been accustomed to, and knew would best agree with her, therefore desired it might be got—and that Enquiry might be made directly, when the Boats went for Gloucester—and if that was not the Day, as soon as Breakfast was over, a Bed might be warmed, that she might endeavour to get some rest.

In greace of God! cried the Landlady, and zo thou shat—for Boat Foalk do no goa, till the Morrow, and an they did, Zartin Zhower, thee wo't no be in ployght

110 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

ploight to goa we ~~am~~—good lack!
good lack! indeed, Forsooth, yow
bin mortal bad, and weak—
'tis pity of one's Heart, that such
a featly young Body, should ha'
such a long Journey to maak
and no varsal Cretur to taak ceare
o' thee—I warrant me, thoy poor
Mother, an thou hast one, has a
main soore Heart for thee—but by
my Truth, thou shat not want
one, whoile thou dost byde in
this House.

Felicia, pleasingly soothed in
some Degree, from the Anxieties
that pressed her, by the Huma-
nity and Tenderneſs of the good
2 Woman,—

Woman,—with a Smile of Complacency said, how unjust is the general Censure, upon the want of social Virtue in those, whose Portion in Life is low and slender—how amiable an Instance is this good Creature of the reverse; *Pride* dictates those Principles, which would restrain from *Poverty* and *humble Birth*, an equal Dispensation of Heaven's influencing Goodness; and that sympathising Feeling, it impartially bestows on *all*, who with an opening Heart can bid it welcome.

Ah! Blessings on thee! interrupted the Landlady, with great Earnest-

112 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

Earnestness, I warrant me, thee
 beest the Child of some good
 Pearson, at least, if not a Bushop,
 —thee dost taak so foinly—good
 now! good now! what mishap
 has befaalen thee, or thoine, to
 maake thee wander by thy self
 zoa? Here the Tea being brought
 in, prevented the good Woman's
 friendly, though officious Enqui-
 ry; and *Felicia* from the neces-
 sity of an Answer—the other, how-
 ever, uttered many Expressions of
 Concern, at the Homeliness of the
 Equipage—which she gave ano-
 ther Term, saying—alack a Day!
 these are but ordinary koinde of
 Geare—but they be clean and
 whoal-

whoalsum—I would, wi aw my
Heart, for thoy feak, forfooth, I
cou'd zaye the Liquor was zoa—
but Ifackins, I do no loike it—
thof, may-hap, as you do zaye,
you bin used to't, it may faire
better win you—for my peart, our
Exoife Mon's Woife, once per-
fweaded me to zup zome on't;
and as shower, as you and I bin
Women, I veryily thoat I had
been a deaad Boady—and too be
shower, the poor Woman was in
terrible teaking, thof, for her own
peart, I believe I could feafly,
teake my Boible Ouath, she swal-
lowed a Queart on't, and I war-
rant was noither Zick nor Zorry
——Marcy,

114 History of Sir Harry Herald

—Marcy, Feeather! how Foalk doon differ.

I am sorry, replied *Felicia*, your Averfion to it, wont fuffer you to keep me Company—I fancy 'tis more prejudice, than any real Injury can arife from it—will you venture once more? Noa, noa, returned the Dame, thof I thank you for your Love and Koindnefs—I han had a floice of coald Geamon, before Zun did peap, and a zoup of beaft Eaal ith' County, thof I zay it—la! la! Noa body meddles ith Brewing, but poor aud *Meadge*—zoa Foalk doon caal me.

After

After *Felicia* had received this slight Refreshment, she retired, to endeavour obtaining that of Rest—of which she stood, at least, in equal Need—and Nature having the Superiority over the combating Passions, with which she was disturbed, kindly afforded her an interval from them, of three or four Hours—from which, when she arose, her Spirits were in a more calm, and unruffled State; and that natural equality of Mind, of which she was Mistress, began again to resume its Place—but it was not long allowed her, to support the happy Balance—for
going

116 History of Sir Harry Herald

going toward the Window—how, instantly were all her gentler Ideas of Reason, and resignation to her Fortune, again turned into the tumult of contending Passions, by seeing her Lover, with all the Marks of Despondency, and Fatigue, pass by the Window? His Horse scarce able to support its Rider's weight, or he to maintain his Seat—Here, the Softness of her Sex was infinitely superior to every settled, calmer Thought, which so lately had taken Possession of her Breast—*that*, succeeded by a tender Sensibility, for the situation both of Mind, and Body, in which she saw her Lover; and
of

and Sir Edward Haunch. 117

of which, but too well convinced, she was the fatal Cause, suddenly threw her into a flow of Tears, and the following pathetic Reflections.

Wherefore is this severe *renewal* of my Griefs, when I had almost taught them to be silent? and were they *Mine* alone, perhaps, I still might have *continued* their Subjection; but the united Force of *his*, becomes too sharp, too bitter to support—renews with double Strength, each softer Recollection, I fondly flattered me, was hushed, and lulled by Reason's Aid—but now, not *Love* alone,
but

118 History of Sir Harry Herald
but *Friendship* too, superior rise,
and baffle every Effort, calm Re-
flection seemed to insure — the
Terrors too, which *that* had less-
ened of those impending Dangers,
my future Fortune threatens, are
now become the Objects of my
Fear, not my approved *Resolves*!

The worthy old Woman below,
hearing her traverse the Room,
and the sound of a Voice, in a
Complaining, Melancholy Tone;
and well knowing she must be
alone, was greatly alarmed — and
hastening up Stairs, with more
Feeling, than Ceremony, opening
the Door, cried out — marciful
Feaather!

and Sir Edward Haunch. ii9

Feeather! what feearful Dreams
hast thee had, that do thus tor-
ment thy poor Heart? moine do
tremble in my Body with Con-
carn for thee—do no, do no, croi
zoo bitterly! Ah, me! in truth
I be zoor afray'd it be zomwhat
moor than Dreeams, and Vancies,
that do meake thee teak on zo
heavily,—whoy woon no ye speeak
to meh? good now! good now!
whoy thy Tears do coom feaster,
and feaster! and moine, woo no
haud noa loanger.—Here the poor
lympathising Creature funk into
a Chair, and both continued silent
for some time——*Felicia*, a little
recovering herself, said, my Mi-
series

120 History of Sir Harry Herald
series are sure Contagious—it had
been happier to have fallen amongst
such, whose more obdurate Hearts
were shut against the gentle Calls
of Pity—than *here*, intrude a Sor-
row, where chearful Peace, and
calm Content, perhaps, till *now*
forbids its Entrance—kind Soul!
if thou would'st wish to assuage
my Tears, in pity stop thy *own*,
or mine will flow still faster.

The humane Hostess replied,
an croying wou'd bring my poor
Mon out of his caud Greave,
where he han layne these noine
loong Winters, I verily think I
wou'd no do it to crass *thee*, and
put

put thy poor Heeart to payne—
but coom, coom, hoy thee down,
and fetch a bit of a Waak, it
woon divart thee, and loiten thy
Moind.

This was a Proposition, *Felicia*
could, by no Means, accede to;
the Danger of being seen, and
known, appearing too hazardous;
and willing also to be alone, said,
she had a Letter or two to write,
which would employ her a con-
siderable time, therefore desired
Pen, Ink, and Paper, might be
sent her up—adding, that she
hoped, by that Means, to relieve
her Spirits, and become more

122 History of Sir Harry Herald

composed—the other, in sincerity of Heart, taking her round the Neck, and kissing her, said, an thou wert my oan ten toimes tould, it could no rejoice me moor then to foind it zoa.—Oy'll get thee au the Tackle—my Zon han a main deaal on't—vor he bin a special Schollard; and thus *Felicia* and her kind Comforter parted.



C H A P.



CHAP. VIII.

*A new Discovery made, not un-
pleasing to Felicia.*

THE Lad, mentioned in the preceding Chapter, to furnish Felicia, with Materials for writing her Letters, brought them into her Chamber, with a Gravity and Decency of Address, too remarkable to escape her Observation, and from whence, she was induced to ask him a few Questions, in order to discover if his Mind corresponded with his

124 History of Sir Harry Herald

Behaviour, and Countenance.—She received from him, such apt and pertinent Answers, as quickly disengaged her from the intended Purpose of Amusement from the Pen and Ink, which was not meant for writing Letters, but merely to dissipate the perplexed Ideas, that crowded heavily upon her, from the too affecting Condolance of her tender Friend, the Landlady—but the promising Earnest *he* had given, afforded a Prospect more amusing, and such an one, that, from its Appearance, would suit her own Disposition; which it is indeed superfluous to remind the Reader, was, by Nature,

and Sir Edward Haunch. 125
ture, of the *serious* Cast, without
the additional Weight her *Fortune*
had thrown in.

The young Lad, who was
about twelve or thirteen Years of
Age, with a modest Diffidence,
at her Instance, related to her
the Means from whence he ac-
quired that Complacency of Man-
ners, which so evidently distin-
guished him, from others, in the
same Class of Life—that, very
early, he discovered an eager De-
fire after Books; which being
made known to a neighbouring
Gentleman, was very humanely
cultivated and nourished, by send-

126 History of Sir Harry Herald
ing him, at his own Expence,
to *Westminster-School*, and main-
taining him there, at one of the
Boarding-Houses; that he might
not only receive the Advantage
of a better *literary* Education,
than the Country usually afforded,
but *that*, also, of a more *easy* and
disengaged one, in his *Conduct* and
Manners, which his Patron ob-
served, more frequently recom-
mended Mankind, than a mere
Knowledge of Books.

Felicia asked him, if the Gen-
tleman had withdrawn his hu-
mane Beneficence, that he was
now absent from his Studies?
He

He told her, no—but *that* being one of their annual Recesses, he was permitted, by his Indulgence, to pay a Visit to his Mother, whose maternal Tenderneſs to him, had made ſuch early Impreſſions upon his Mind, which no Diſtance of Time or Place, was able to remove; and that now being ſomewhat more capable of diſtinguiſhing, than when he was removed from her, thoſe Impreſſions were more firmly fixed, by that general Goodneſs of Heart, he perceived her poſſeſſed of.

These Ideas of natural Love and Duty, thus rationally ſup-
G 4 ported

ported in one so young, not only surprised, but gave *Felicia* all the pleasing Sensibility, her Situation of Mind admitted.—The young Lad, fetching a deep Sigh, said, he feared some sudden Illness, or Misfortune, had befallen his generous Benefactor, for, upon his waiting on him, about two Days since, he was not permitted to see him, which had never before been refused him—and what confirmed his Fears, he had seen him, not above half an Hour since, ride by the Door, with all the Marks of Discomposure, both of Mind and Body.—I fear too, continued he, lest some Person,

and Sir Edward Haunch. 129

son, envious of my happy Fortune, may unkindly have done me some ill Office with him, or else, methinks, as always was his Custom, he would have called; but now he passed, and did not even look toward the House.

This Description was too similar to what *Felicia* had, about the time mentioned, herself seen, and felt, not to give her fresh Tumult, with the Apprehension of her *Lover*, was the Person meant; in order to be resolved (as much as possible, stifling this new Emotion) she asked, who this benevolent Patron was, and when told

130 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

he was the younger Son of Sir *Harry Herald*—it must be left to the Breasts of those, who feel the sympathising Sentiments of Love, to conjecture those blended Passions of applauding Joy, and Heart-felt Desperation, which this new Instance of Desert, in the desired Object of her Soul, must at once have possessed it with—the *Writer* confesses, any Description *he* is capable of, must fall infinitely short of the Ideas, every *feeling Reader* will form—and their Effects were too perceptible, not to be noticed by the young Lad, though unknowing of their Cause.

Felicia,

and Sir Edward Haunch. 131

Felicia, conscious of her too apparent Concern, said, Relations of such beneficent Humanity, ever swelled her Heart with such softening Sensibility.—It was with difficulty she repressed its overflowing at her Eyes—but *Love*, again taking the lead of Discretion, she was unable to forbear making farther Enquiries—though minute ones, into the Means, by which Mr. *Herald* became acquainted with the early Prospect this Youth had given, of his Propensity to Learning;—the exact Time of its commencing with others of as little Import—but such as served to gratify, and please, while they disturbed

3

and

132 History of Sir Harry Herald
and *pained* her Mind—nor could
she forbear asking a Question, to
which she had, even before it
was demanded, received an An-
swer—Whether the Lad could
suggest any *particular motive* for
that alteration of Conduct, he
had mentioned in Mr. *Herald*,
when he waited upon him last?
Or the Discomposure, and Lan-
guor of Countenance, he had
observed, in his passing by the
House?—These Questions, indeed,
were not only natural, but ne-
cessary, for her Enquiry; to be
informed whether any thing had
transpired of the *real* Cause
that affected his Mind—but to
that

and Sir Edward Haunch. 133

that the young Fellow had before fully *inferred*, his being an utter Stranger — and *confirmed* it in his Reply to her.

When *Love* had brought her to the Brink of Imprudence, in being too minutely inquisitive, *Reason* resuming its seat — she cried, alas! How has this idle Curiosity diverted me from my Purpose of writing? The Lad had too quick a Conception, not to perceive this a sufficient Hint for his withdrawing — which he immediately did in the most respectful Manner.

Felicia's

134 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

Felicia's Fears now began, by Reflection, to alarm her, lest the Perplexity of Mind she knew *Mr. Herald* under—the Distraction of Disappointment he had met with—and the Increase that must be necessarily added to it, from the fruitless Enquiries he would be farther chagreened with, in *Shrewsbury*, might induce him to have Recourse to the Assistance of this young Fellow; whose Abilities, and Dependency, both rendered him a very fit Agent, to be employed, in aiding the Discovery he was attempting.—These were Suggestions, the more they were deliberated on, became
the

and Sir Edward Haunch. 135

the more formidable ; confirmed her Apprehensions, filled her with Anxiety, and greatly renewed her Impatience, for the Return of Morning ; when her Fears would be removed, by entering upon her Journey.

The close of the Day, however, in a great measure, dissipated her Terrors ; and she concluded, Night, and Nature, oppressed and harrassed, would oblige her Lover to desist, till the following Day from his search ; at the break of which she would elude all possibility of a Discovery, by the setting off of the Boats at
that

136 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
that time. These Considerations prevailing, she determined to relieve her Mind, as much as its situation would admit, with the plain, but honest, and sincere Prattle, of the good old Woman, and the more engaging Conversation of her Son, for the remaining part of the Evening——In order to which, she gave Directions for a slight Supper to be dressed, and brought up into her own Room, where, after their Refreshment, *Felicia*, addressing herself to the Mother, told her, she thought her greatly bless'd, not only in the *natural Disposition* of her Son, but in those *additional Improvements*

and Sir Edward Haunch. 137

ments he had so happily acquired by an Education, very unusual in Persons, either of his Age, or Condition—and could not refrain from saying, she did not doubt, he would always remember, with the sincerest Sentiments of Gratitude, the Gentleman, who had so humanely become his Patron, and Protector—nay, he had indeed, given a very recent Testimony of the Sense he had of the Obligation, for which he stood indebted to him, by the feeling Concern, he had expressed, at the Inquietude, and Discomposure he perceived in him, when he rode by the House.

Good

138 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

Good now! good now! cried the Mother——why then you do know *Master Herald*——No, returned *Felicia*, but from your Son's Description——Ah! cried the other——he has a Heaart as faught, and teender, as a Pigeon's——an he were to know the Distress of thoy Moind, he wou'd no rest, Noight, nor Daye, till he broought thee Coomfort——a bin a good Sowle, and soa bin the Brother of 'en——ay an the Feaather——but to saie the Truth, the aud Mon be main pruwde—but he bin gude for aal that——showre, Sir *Harry* bin moi Landlord.

Felicia

and Sir Edward Haunch. 139

Felicia, finding her Spirits too weak, for supporting any farther Mention of her Lover, and his Family, diverted the Subject, the *Mother* appeared to have some Propensity to dwell upon, by enquiring of the *Son*, when he returned to *London*? what Amusements he chiefly followed there? and if he did not find the Want of his Friends and Relations irksom to him?—To these Questions, he gave very sensible, and pertinent Answers—that his Return would be at the stated Time his Duty directed—that his Amusements were in a narrow Compass, chiefly in seeing two or three chosen

140 History of Sir Harry Herald
chosen Plays, in a Season, and
reading those, his Income would
not permit his seeing—that the
Pleasure he lost in being divided
from his Relations in the Country,
was, in some Degree, made up
by an Aunt, and some others he
had in Town.—He asked her,
with a proper Deference and Mo-
desty, if *Gloucester* was the Extent
of her Journey, or only intended
as making Part of the Way, less
fatiguing to *London*—if *that* was
her Purpose, and she was not
otherwise provided, he would
take the Liberty of recommend-
ing to her, an Accommodation at
his Aunt's, who had a very de-
cent

and Sir Edward Haunch. 141

cent House, and would prove equally assiduous with his Mother, in a proper Care, and Tenderness of her.—*Felicia*, not having many particular Intimacies, or Friendships, in Town, and not greatly caring to put any of those she had, to a Trial, was at first pleased with the Proposition—but reflecting upon the dependant Connection, between Mr. *Herald*, and this Family, thought it highly necessary to decline the Offer—lest, by that Means, she should be discovered, and it might be insinuated she had *flown*, for no other Purpose but to be *pursued*, and the remotest Conjecture of such

142 History of Sir Harry Herald
such a kind, must have proved
greatly offensive, to a Mind so
open, and ingenuous as her's.

The early Hour, at which *Felicia* was obliged to be up, and the little rest she had received, for many that were past, made it necessary, no longer to defer that Debt to Nature, that she might be the better enabled to undertake the Fatigue, which was to follow—she therefore dismissed her two Companions, in order to obtain it.



CHAP



CHAP. IX.

*Some new Characters introduced to
the Reader's Acquaintance.*

THE Mind disposed, by Nature, to Benevolence and Humanity, though afflicted by Misfortune, that oppresses and bears it down, yet feels an Abatement of its Rigor, whenever it has Opportunity of contemplating those Virtues, in Objects that have them, in their fullest Extent, and at the same time, are happily accom-

144 History of Sir Harry Herald
accompanied with *Tranquility* and
Ease, even in Defiance of *Po-*
verty and *Labour*—Reflections like
these, on the little Family where
she was, were very essential, in
conciliating the Mind of *Felicia*,
and composing her to rest, which
having obtained a better Portion
of, than for some time past, she
rose in the Morning, with so
settled a Composure and Serenity,
that her good-natured Hostess
immediately observed and rejoiced
in—and who had kindly prepared
for her, a little Store, to take
on Board the Vessel, which,
having Notice was ready for sail-
ing, she embarked in.

The

The *Wherries*, which are the usual Conveyances for Passengers, were all full; therefore, *Felicia*, as well as several others, were obliged to go, in what, in that Country, is called a *Trow*, a Vessel more used for the Carriage of *Goods*, though with some Accommodation, also, for *Passengers*, but is more tedious, from its Burden, than the *Wherries*, therefore not so generally chose.

Felicia now began to think herself in a State of Security, from being pursued—but was immediately alarmed anew, with the Appearance, on the Deck, of the

146 History of Sir Harry Herald

Clergyman, mentioned in a former Chapter, to have dined, and afterwards drank Tea, with *Meliora*, *Felicia*, and their two Lovers, at Sir *Edward Haunch's*.—The Surprise of seeing each other, was almost mutual—*her's* indeed, was superior, and blended with Apprehensions *he* was a Stranger to—When he perceived her Mixture of Fear and Wonder was something abated, with great Complacency addressing her——said, this Meeting, Madam, I observe, is not a Matter of less Astonishment to *you*, than *myself*.—Are you *alone* here? Then looking round him, and not seeing any
body

and Sir Edward Haunch. 147

body he knew—with great Concern, continued, I fear you *are*—What can have induced this *unwary*, nay this *dangerous* Undertaking, in one so little knowing in the insidious Arts of the World? And, whose Youth, and Beauty, must inevitably expose her, to its most infamous Subtilties, and destructive Wiles? What Severity of Fortune has impelled you to the hazardous Experiment?

Felicia, sighing, said, it is, indeed, my hard Severity of Fortune which impells—yet I cannot doubt the Power, that thus

H 2

permits

148 History of Sir Harry Herald

permits Affliction's Hand, will still protect, from lawless Wrong, the *Innocent*.——He, interrupting her, with some Emotion, said, none I hope, has, hitherto, been offered? But, 'tis injurious to suggest it from *him*, who holds his Honor far above the modern Practisers of shameless Gallantry——

Felicia replied, your Candor, Sir, and Justice, were ne'er employed on one, who more eminently deserved them.——I shall take a more favourable Occasion, Sir, fully to acquaint you with every Circumstance, which has concurred, to drive me from my *hospitable Refuge*, and tempt my
Fate,

Fate, in the wide, unfeeling
World.

There was something too particular in the Address of these two, to each other, and their subsequent Conversation, though it was not heard, not to be observed by those, who were in view of them—and was more particularly remarked, by a Captain of Foot, and his Wife, who immediately concluded them Lovers, and that their Surprise at Meeting, was calculated to cover them from being imagined such, by those on board, as well as the better Execution of some De-

150 History of Sir Harry Herald
sign, they had planned between
them—but, as in the Course of
their Behaviour, there appeared
nothing, but what was strictly
conformable to the exactest Rules
of Delicacy and good Breeding,
they were fully persuaded, it was
an *honorable* Affair, and had re-
ceived some Obstruction from an
inequality of Fortune, and the In-
terposition of Parents.

These four, were the only
Persons aboard, who, from their
Appearance, seemed capable of en-
tertaining each other, with a Po-
liteness, that would be recipro-
cally pleasing; which naturally led
them

them to the Experiment, and proved mutually agreeable to all.

—People of good Sense and Breeding, become acquainted, almost, by intuition—and their Eyes and Manner, bespeak a Sympathy, which Weakness of Mind, and Rusticity of Behaviour, are utter Strangers to.—Those of the *former* Class, from an agreeable Consciousness, their Purpose is to please, are not absurdly diffident—and from hence arose, an easy Intimacy between our four Travellers, that rendered them all less susceptible of those Inconveniences, their Journey, or any other Circumstance, might produce—

152 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

After the introductory Civilities were paid, and a little Common-place Chat had passed, the Clergyman, whose Name was *Placid*, said, he could not help considering the *Passengers* aboard the Vessel, as a very just Epitome of Mankind; since he made no doubt, were it examined into, there were scarce any two Persons aboard, who were pursuing the same Purposes, but had various Avocations, and very different Interests in view.

This Remark, though not *intentionally* made, yet was considered so, by the Officer, and his
 + H Wife,

and Sir Edward Haunch. 153

Wife, who with half a Smile, said—Pray, Sir, what think you of the Interest and Purposes, my *Husband* and *I*, are pursuing? *They* will be readily admitted, I hope, to have one identical View, in this World in *Miniature*, as well as those in the *Great*, who are as happily united in their Affections and Regards, as *we* are.—And since you cannot but allow the multiplied Instances of the same kind in *one*—I have my Conjectures, we two are not quite singular in the *other*.——Very possibly, Madam, replied Mr. *Placid*, if there are any other *married* Persons aboard, you are

154 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

not singular, and *they* may also consider their Interests mutually connected—but should they not—I am afraid you will be obliged to acknowledge, the multiplied Instances of *that* kind, are also to be met with in the *great* World, and then my Comparison still holds its force——And, give me leave, Madam, to assure you, your very Conjectures. give it an additional Strength, and make it yet more apt——they are, I am sensible, founded upon Appearances—and, is there any thing so frequently productive of Error, in the *great* Round of Life? And, pardon me, when I tell you,

Appear-

Appearances have produced the same Effect in your Conjectures, upon what has passed in this *narrow* Circle of it—but to be a little more explicit—the Particularity of Greeting between this young Lady, and myself, it must be acknowledged, might have given Occasion for such Conjecture, to one of far less Capability of Judging, Madam, than you are possessed of—but let me inform you, I am yet to learn, and very sensibly affected with Doubts and Apprehensions, what on *her* Part occasioned our Meeting here—to which I am induced by the Regards of a
Friend,

156 History of Sir Harry Herald

Friend, not those of a *Lover*; having long since plighted my Engagements, of that softer kind, by Marriage, to one, who I know will share with me, in every distressful Circumstance, which may attend this Lady, and equally sollicitous to remove their Cause, as I shall be, when made acquainted with them.

That, interrupted *Felicia*, though, without even the Possibility of hoping Relief, from Friendship's Aid, you shall be informed of— And, if the strange Vicissitudes of Fortune, which have befallen an unhappy young Woman, will not be

too

too tediously impertinent, for this Gentleman and Lady, I shall, without any other Reserve, than that of giving *Names*, relate to you, and *them*, each Circumstance, which has concurred, to push me thus, in setting forward upon Expedients, that may perhaps be fraught, indeed, with Danger, but cannot sure incur the Censure of the severest Judge, who hears my Story—which she then related, with all its Particulars, in a manner too affecting, not to have spoke to the Hearts of such, who had much less Sensibility, than those to whom she delivered them.—The Wife
of

158 History of Sir Harry Herald
of the Officer, who had felt the
Stings of Distress, though of a
different kind, accompanied *Felicia*
in her Tears (which she
could not refrain from frequently
shedding) throughout many Parts
of her Narrative—nor were the
Clergyman, or Soldier, sometimes,
without their *manly Weaknesses*.

When *Felicia* had finished,
Mrs. *Worthy* (the Officer's Lady)
addressing her, with a tender
Softness of Manners, said, Ma-
dam, be comforted—I have lately,
very lately, felt the Pangs of
almost a desponding Grief; but
now, a kinder Influence smiles,
which

which deep-felt Anguish, and even smiling *Hope*, shut out the distant Prospect of—yet, by a Means unsought, and sudden, Heaven inspired a trusty *Delegate*, not less ennobled by his Deeds, than Birth, and truly formed to execute such gracious Purposes, at once to stop our Tide of Woes, and turn its Current into Peace and Joy.—Believe me, Madam, your Griefs, how improbable so-e'er Relief appears, you cannot look upon their Cure, with more Despondency, than we have done—therefore, let Hope renew its chereful Warmth, and dull Despair be banished from your Breast.

Madam,

Madam, interrupted Mr. *Placid*, your kindly Consolation, carries an equal Portion of soft Humanity and strong Conviction with it—Despair is doubtless an offensive Passion; bespeaks a Diffidence of the interposing Aid which just Conceptions of the Deity, should teach us — that though *with-held*, is yet reserved in our behalf, while Truth, and Innocence, maintain their Places.

Felicia, with great Complacency said, how much am I obliged to both, for these conciliating Lessons of Instruction? Which, though they cannot cure, alleviate

Pain

Pain — nor does my Wish extend beyond; first, my *Gratitude* forbids it should — to interrupt the Peace and Happiness of *her*, who for continued Years has studied *mine*. — Then to involve the Man I love in Disobedience, loss of Inheritance, and the Train of Ills which must attend them, might gratify the *Fondness* of my Heart, but would for ever stain it with *Reproach* — and every Bliss would droop beneath the Load; — therefore my Task of Hope extends, alone to *him*; that Time, and Absence, may render back the Peace which now he wants — and *mine*, if *his* may be obtained,

162 History of Sir Harry Herald
tained, shall feel its soft Returns,
as amply, as the hard Conditions
of my Fate will grant.

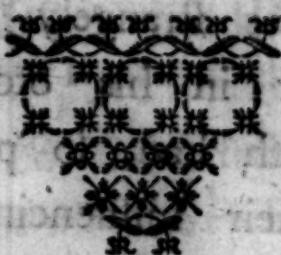
Captain *Worthy*, who had very
sedately attended *Felicia's* Relation,
and these last Professions, said,
how amiable, how unparralleled
are such generous Sentiments of
Love and Gratitude? They cannot
miss of that Reward their Merits
claim—and though the Impediments
appear insuperable between your
Happiness and Hopes—were you,
at large acquainted with that unme-
rited Reverse of Fortune in our
favour, Mrs. *Worthy* hinted at,
you

you could not doubt, but that the assisting Hand of Heaven, will yet be raised, to crown at full, the Principles of virtuous Truth itself inspires.

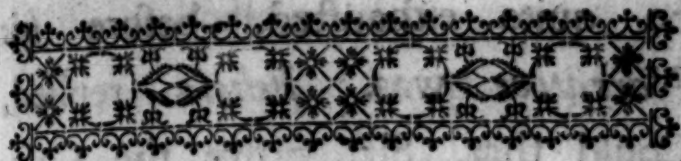
Mr. *Placid* observed from what his Lady and himself so feelingly had mentioned, there must be Circumstances strangely interesting, and tender in his Story—therefore, as both had, so pathetically, inferred their influencing Power, he hoped he should not be guilty of an Impropriety, in requesting, *that* Power might find its fullest Force in behalf of the young Lady, from a distinct
Relation

164 History of Sir Harry Herald

Relation of them. With which the Reader shall be acquainted in the succeeding Chapter.



CHAP.



CHAP. X.

*The History of Captain Worthy,
founded on a Faët.*

CAPTAIN *Worthy* began his Story, by premising he feared he should become too tedious, and prolix, in relating it—because its Circumstances made it absolutely necessary he should have recourse to several Incidents, previous to those on which the Castastrophe turned — therefore was
appre-

166 History of Sir Harry Herald
apprehensive *their Patience* would
be quite exhausted, before *his*
Narrative was. *Felicia* replied,
Could that, Sir, prove the Case,
you have a very sufficient Pre-
sident to quote in your defence;
and, surely, such an Apology
would, with far more Propriety,
have become *me*—I doubt, Ma-
dam, returned the Captain, you
will be convinced of your too
favorable Construction — and, that
Suspence may not be added to
Prolixity, let me inform you—

I am the younger Brother of
a Gentleman, possessed of an
Estate, might, justly, have been
termed

and Sir Edward Haunch. 167

termed a good one, had it come into his Hands disencumbered; but the weight of Fortunes for younger Children, and a heavy Mortgage, render it little better than a genteel Subsistence—and even that, has been, indiscreetly, broke in upon, from an absurd Attachment to Party, to procure him a Seat in Parliament, for no other purpose than, at all events, to put a Negative upon Measures, if proposed by those in Power, without considering their *Préjudice*, or *Utility*—therefore, from *his* Connections, or Circumstances I had little to expect—and indeed our different

Sen-

168 History of Sir Harry Herald
Sentiments, in principles of Government, occasioned a cool Distance, and Reserve, which the Rage of Party-zeal, would never suffer his Reason and Reflection, to warm into that affectionate Ardor, which more forcible Motives, ought not to dissipate between Brothers.—

In this Situation we have lived, since the Death of our Father; who, by Will, charged the Estate with fifteen Hundred Pounds, payable to each of his three Daughters, and myself, in a Year after his Decease — This was punctually complied with; — my becoming

becoming at once possessed of such a Sum, at an Age that has generally more propensity to Extravagance, than Oeconomy, a thousand Pound was lavishly thrown away upon what are called the Pleasures of the Town—I then began to reflect upon the declining State of my Finances—and formed a Resolution of buying a Lieutenancy in a marching Regiment;—which, when done, and the necessary Equipment made, I found my self reduced to the scanty Pittance of thirty Guineas.—Thus furnished, I went down to Country-quarters; not without very severe Reflections

VOL. II. I tions

170 History of Sir Harry Herald
tions upon my intemperate Folly,
which had prevented my hold-
ing a superior Rank in the
Army; and more frequently con-
versing with those who held it,
in *private* Life;—yet, mortifying
as these Reflections were, they
wanted Power to shut out the
Charms of Youth, Beauty, and
Love—I there commenced an Ac-
quaintance with this Lady; and
though the Fortune her Father
purposed giving her, was far
superior to my Pretensions, she,
disclaiming every interested View,
with a Constancy of Mind, which,
through a Series of Misery, my
Misfortunes entailed upon her,
she

and Sir Edward Haunch. 171

she has ever since supported, chose a homely Meal with Love, and me, in preference to Splendor, Equipage, and Pomp—and I am persuaded, the blended Scenes of social Joy, and anxious Pain, (so large a Portion which our Fates have yielded us,) would furnish out an interesting Plan, to exercise the Talents of a Poet, the best skilled in the pathetic.—And I know no other Danger in the Task, but that his *Heroine* would be deemed a Character superior to Nature. Mrs. *Worthby*, smiling, said, however extravagantly the Poet might copy his *Heroine*, from your Picture of her,—I am sure the World would

never be induced to think the Man who gave it, had been married to her four Years. You mistake, Madam, answered Mr. *Placid*, 'tis from that Experience of her Merit, the Character arises, and he justified, in giving it.—If, Sir, answered Mrs. *Worthy*, his partial Tendernefs may be pardoned, in delivering it, my conscious Diffidence must blush in *bearing* it.—Those, interrupted *Felicia*, methinks, should rather blush, who have the conscious Diffidence of *not* deserving it.—Certainly, answered Mr. *Placid*, —and I have ever thought the Tribute due to modest Merit should

and Sir Edward Haunch. 173

should be no more restrained, than the *Reproofs* which our *Defects* demand—the one adds strength to Virtue, the other lessens Error—nor will we, as often as Occasion calls, suffer the loss of viewing an amiable *Portrait*, because the *Original* is present.—Therefore, Sir, let us beg you'll proceed, and not give this Enemy to Truth one Grain of Quarter.

The Captain resuming his Narrative, said,—Our Regiment continued longer in the Neighbourhood of my Wife's Relations, than I could have wished; since,

174 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

after many vain Efforts, toward a Reconciliation, and the warmest Interposition of Friends, her Father continued inexorable—even to the forbidding another Daughter, upon Pain of his future Countenance, and Blessing, from having the least Intercourse with her Sister—which proved the most sensible Affliction to both, there having ever subsisted between them the most tender Affection.—And her Mother, in conformity to the rigorous Harshness of her Husband, was obliged to do a Violence to her Nature, and affect a Resentment, which after its first Efforts, had subsided,
and

and Sir Edward Haunch. 175

and given way to softer, and more maternal Emotions.

Thus circumstanced, we were both impatient for a Removal, that the mutual Happiness we possessed in each other, might not receive those frequent Damps and Allay, we concluded Distance would diminish—At length our Hopes were answered—the Regiment was ordered to another part of *England*—where, for a while, we enjoyed a less interrupting Scene of Content.—Mrs. *Worthy* was now far advanced, with the eldest of the Boys, now in the Cabin—About

176 History of Sir Harry Herald
six Weeks after her Delivery, a
War broke out with *France*—
and the Regiment was ordered
to *Flanders*, with the utmost Ex-
pedition.—I now began more
sensibly to feel the Pressure, of
a narrow, circumscribed Condi-
tion—a new, and inevitable Train
of Expence rising before me—
either in taking my Wife abroad,
or leaving her, and the little
one, in *England*—which must
incur a Charge, I was by no
means able to support—the *latter*,
when but slightly hinted at, I
perceived gave her too much In-
quietude, to be proposed put-
ting into practice—and the *for-*
mer,

and Sir Edward Haunch. 177

mer, though it should conciliate her *Mind*, I too evidently foresaw must be attended with the utmost Fatigue and Danger, to her *own Person*, as well as that of her tender, little Charge; the Care of whom, from the united Motives of Nature and Necessity, she had solely taken upon herself —nor could the most earnest Remonstrances from me, prevail upon her Resolution to admit of an Assistant.

The Man, whose Mind is, even, but *slenderly* affected with the tender Passions, will readily conceive the anxious State I was

178 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

reduced to;—what Ideas then, will *be* form, who has a Heart o'erflowing with the Sentiments of *Love* and *soft Humanity*?—such a one will picture to himself, the poignant Pangs of sharp Reproach, in becoming the fatal Instrument of plunging into deep Distress, the Object he would wish, in preference to all her Sex, might taste unrivalled Happiness and Peace, which, till *he* soothed her from, she was in full Possession of—let me assure you, without pretending to a Merit in it, *his Imagination* would fall far short of my *real Feeling*, with the additional Task of forcing myself

myself to the Appearance of Serenity, lest another Conduct should have given farther weight to *that*, I had, already, too severely imposed——But to proceed——

In this Exigence, a temporary, and immediate Redress became indispensable, and no other expedient appeared practicable, but an Application to the Agent of the Regiment——of whom, with great Difficulty, and no inconsiderable Premium, I obtained a Supply of twenty-five Pounds, a heavy Incumbrance upon the scanty Pay of a Lieutenant of Foot!——But Consequences were not to be considered

180 History of Sir Harry Herald
considered in competition with the
then pressing Conjunction.

A few Days after receiving
this seasonable Supply, we set
out for *Harwich*, to embark for
Holland—it would be tedious, as
well as unnecessary, to give a Detail
of the Progress of our Journey
to the Army, though some Cir-
cumstances of it were not with-
out their Distresses—but in no
Degree proportioned, to those
which followed—and, as they are
introductory to the principal End,
for which this Relation is in-
tended, will not, I hope, be too
great a Tax upon your Patience.

Felicia

and Sir Edward Haunch. 181

Felicia said, those who had been accustomed, by Nature, or the Rigor of their Fate, to contemplate their *own*, or the Misfortunes of *others*, she imagined, were only impatient of their Recital, either when they themselves too severely repined at their being inflicted, or perceived the same Conduct in others—but when those who *make* the Relation, and such who *attend* to it, have Minds justly susceptible of Resignation and Submission, will continue silently attentive, because they are feelingly affected—and as you, Sir, have yourself observed, they are essentially material,

material, to the End proposed, which was kindly meant for *my* Instruction and Use; and were any Apology incumbent, it could alone fall on *me*, as the Instrument and Occasion—Captain *Worthy* said, whatever Advantages, Madam, *you* may have received from the Relation I have been making, they are amply balanced by those *I* have received, from so polite and sensible a Construction of it—and since I already have my Reward, let me hasten to deserve it.

Provisions, and every other Accommodation, in *Flanders*, during the time of a War, are held

and Sir Edward Haunch. 183

held at a most exorbitant Rate—and the People, who profess being in Amity and Friendship, are equally assiduous to make Depredations upon their Allies, as their Allies upon the Enemy—with this material Difference, one is actuated by an open, generous Resolution, the other, by an artful, designing Cunning, which never lets an Occasion escape, of exercising its narrow, depraved Talents.

Amidst this Herd of rapacious Animals, I was thrown under the deepest Chagrin, in reflecting upon the accumulated Expence must be incurred, in providing for Mrs. *Wor-*
thy's

184 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
thy's Reception——evidently fore-
seeing my own, and her utmost
Caution and Parsimony, would
prove ineffectual, to prevent going
considerably beyond the Bounds
of my narrow Income, and that
I must be unavoidably plunged still
farther in debt——Here he was
interrupted by their Arrival at
the Town, where they were that
Night to take up their Lodging
——and the remaining Circum-
stances of his Narrative, shall be
the Subject of the following
Chapter.

C H A P.



CHAP. XI.

*The History of Captain Worthy,
continued.*

THE Passenger's disposed of themselves, when they landed, in such a manner, and at such Houses, as their different Connections, and Inclinations directed.—Mr. *Placid*, *Felicia*, Captain *Worthy* and his *Wife*, were conducted by the Master of the Vessel, to an Inn, where they met with very tolerable Accom-

Accommodation ; and better, indeed, than the Appearance of the Place had promised. —

When Supper was over, *Felicia* told Captain *Wortby*, though she was but too apprehensive that many Circumstances which were to follow, in the subsequent Part of his Relation, might, perhaps, carry in them yet greater Inquietude, and Anxiety, than even those in the preceding Part of it, yet as he had given them Reason, to hope its *Catastrophe* would have a much milder Aspect — she hoped it would not trespass too much upon his, and Mrs. *Wortby's* rest, to give it
to

and Sir Edward Haunch. 187

to them then——for to tender Minds, the Impatience that waited the Relief of afflicted Merit, from its encumbering Sorrows, was warmly sollicitous, and eager——Mr. *Placid* joined in the Request, and the Captain renewed his Narrative, as follows.

If I rightly recollect, I was recounting to you, the exorbitant, and oppressive Measures, taken by the Inhabitants, I mean of the lower Class, in *Flanders*, to wring from the poor Soldiery, not only their Pay, but every little Moveable of the slightest Value, any of them might happily be [possessed of

188 History of Sir Harry Herald

of—though, *to these Men*, they owed the Protection not only of their Effects, but *Lives*.—And it should seem strange, that People, thus apparently influenced by the Principles of Self-love, should demonstrate such an Attachment to that Passion, in Matters of *less* Importance, yet seem utterly negligent of those, which were of the *deepest*, and *last Concern* to them; by irritating the Minds of such, upon whom it depended, to render their most valuable Blessings durable, and lasting; but I was convinced, by innumerable Examples, this was no part of their Consideration,
or

and Sir Edward Haunch. 189

or Regard ; and the self-evident Proofs I met with, were heavy and severe, and threw me under almost insuperable Difficulties.

There was yet a Distress of a nearer, and infinitely more affecting Kind, to undergo—a Separation——and such a one, as carried with it, at least the *contingent* Appearance of being perpetual—since the Chance of War was the sole Arbiter, between *that*, and my ever meeting again, an endeared Wife and Child—Aggravated by the stinging Reflection, of leaving them too near the verge of Indigence, among
a

190 History of Sir Harry Herald
a People, as little capable of
feeling their Misfortune, as *she*
was of rendering them known;
not being acquainted with any
Language, but *English*; and to this
deplorable Situation, an additional
Weight of Grief contributed—she
was six, or seven Months gone
with Child——my Departure
obliged to be immediate——the
Enemy in the Field, and our En-
campment begun.——Here the
Soldier, Husband, and Father—the
Sense of Honor—the Pangs of
conjugal, and *parental* Fondness
sustained the severest Struggles
human Nature, certainly, could
undergo—I had the dreadful Al-
ternative

and Sir Edward Haunch. 198

ternative, either of making a Sacrifice of my Fame, and flight Remains of Fortune, by throwing up my Commission, or the Terrors of abandoning to Want and Ruin, all that soft Humanity, and the tenderest Affection, had endeared to me.——Each Prospect was equally, though differently, calamitous—and too apparent, in my Countenance and Conduct, to escape my Wife's Observation, who with a tender Complacency, joined to an uncommon Fortitude, intreated me, not to consider, so attentively, our present, or impending Fortune, for that both might yet be attended with

192 History of Sir Harry Herald
with some happy Reverse—ad-
ding, she was elated with Hope,
that in the *Field* some Occasion
would present itself, in which an
Opportunity might be given me,
of peculiarly exerting my *own*,
with the Honor of my *Country*,
and prove hereafter, the conci-
liating Means of happier Hours.—
This seasonable and *manly* Admo-
nition, instead of raising in me,
that Force, and Warmth of Re-
solution, which it justly ought,
still sunk, and depressed me more,
and I was weak enough to re-
peat to her some Lines out of
a Tragedy of two Acts, called
the fatal Extravagance, which at
that

and Sir Edward Haunch. 193

that instant occurred to me; and though not precisely adequate to our Situation, with some little Variety in the Circumstance, I made an indiscreet Application of, and were these :

*I was considering, which of my Boys,
Some few Years hence, when I'm dissolved in
Death,*

*Will act the Beggar best! run bare-foot fastest,
And, with most dext'rous Shrugs, play Tricks for
Charity.*

These *imaginary* Griefs of others, produced a stronger, and more immediate Influence upon her Mind, than those *real* ones, which so imminently hung over herself—and she burst into a flood of

VOL. II. K Tears,

Tears, and the severest throws of Anguish—This instantly roused me, from my absurd Despondency, and lethargic Folly—and I now found the more *necessary*, though not more *natural* Calls of the *Man*, became incumbent on me to exert—wherefore, when I found *her* Resolution had returned with *mine*, I took as short a Leave as possible, and immediately set forward to join the Army.

A few Days after my Arrival, I was ordered at the Head of a Party, to reconnoitre a Post the Enemy had taken, which was supposed to be maintained by about
fifty

and Sir Edward Haunch. 195

fifty Men—the Number, I then had under my Command—but upon advancing toward it, we were attacked by double that Number, who very vigorously supported their Possession of it, for near an Hour, when the Officer who headed them, being killed, and near sixty private Men, the remaining Number surrendered themselves Prisoners of War, and we became Masters of the Place, with the Loss only of thirteen Men.—

This Success prompted me with Hopes, that my Wife had been Prophetic, in that spirited Speech, she had a few Days before made me—but such Hopes were short

196 History of Sir Harry Herald
and transitory; and dissipated, almost,
as soon as raised, by its being
neglected on our Part, to send
a Reinforcement to sustain me,
in *keeping* the Post, and the Ene-
my's being extremely expeditious,
in detaching a considerable one
to *recover* it—which, though it
consisted of three hundred Men,
we opposed as vigorously, as our
slight Party was capable of, but
perceiving it decrease too fast for
any distant Hope of Success, and
being myself wounded in the
Shoulder, with a Musket-ball; I
thought it most prudent to sub-
mit, and save the small Residue
of my Men, whose Number was
now

and Sir Edward Haunch. 197
now reduced to less than twenty
—The loss of Blood, from the
Wound I had received, rendered
me extremely weak and faint—
I was put into a Baggage-wag-
gon, and carried to the nearest
Place of Relief, in Possession of
the Enemy—from whom I re-
ceived all the humane Assistance,
could be expected—and had the
internal Wound I laboured with,
been as early known as that of
my *Body*, both had received a
more immediate Cure.

The Surgeon to whose Care
I was committed, perceived me
under great Agitation of Spirit,
K 3 from .

198 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
from thence began to be apprehensive of a Fever, which he assured me must unavoidably ensue, if I did not endeavour to shake off that Anxiety, whatever it was, which he so evidently perceived, hung upon my Mind——pressing me repeatedly, to unlade my Bosom——and if any thing in his Power could assist me, I should readily command it.

The Concern with which, I now more immediately laboured, was, lest my Wife, having been informed of the Engagement I was concerned in, and my being wounded, should conclude, from not hearing from
me,

and Sir Edward Haunch. 199

me, I was killed.—She not being sufficiently enough acquainted with military Affairs, to know the Difficulty there was, of conveying Letters, from the Quarters of one Enemy, to those of another.—This I disclosed to the worthy Man, who had me under his Care, who being himself a Lover, and Husband, (two Characters but rarely united) was very sensibly affected — assuring me, he would by some means obtain a Representation to be made to the General, whose Humanity he was convinced, would readily induce him, not only to gratify my Wishes, in procuring

200 History of Sir Harry Herald

a Letter to be sent—but as soon as the Condition of my Health would admit, enlarge me, upon my Parole of Honor—*personally* to enjoy the Heart-felt Transport, his own sympathising Nature taught him, amply, to conceive.

Both these obliging Engagements were punctually fulfilled—but the Pleasure of the latter, too long protracted, by the Difficulty that arose in extracting the Ball from my Shoulder—during which time, poor Mrs. *Worthy's* Fears for my safety, were transferred to *me*, in alarming Apprehensions for *her's*, by receiving an
Account

Account the Enemy had laid close Siege to the Town, in which she was, and those Apprehensions were very near being too fatally supported in their Consequence, by the falling of a Bomb upon the Roof of the House where she lodged, which beat all that part of it to pieces, and killed the Wife of a Corporal whom I had engaged to attend and assist Mrs. *Worthy*—but fortunately, herself, and Child, were in another Part which remained entire.—This Accident it may reasonably be supposed, not only increased, but kept her Terrors, perpetually, upon the

alarm—but it had this good Effect in her Favour, it greatly contributed to *soften*, or rather, *frighten* the Mistress of the House, into a Conduct more gentle and humane—but upon the advancing of a large Body of our Army, to the Relief of the Town, the Enemy thought fit to withdraw from before it, by which, though Mrs. *Worthy's Fears* were removed, her *Inquietudes* were renewed, by the petulant, and penurious Disposition of this goodly Dame, whose Heart was incapable of beating to any other Object, than its own Preservation and Welfare—for when the Enemy marched from
before

before the Town, the Terrors which had occasioned some slight Traces of Humanity, instantly vanished, and the Savage again took place.

I shall not trouble you with the Recital of an infinite Number of perplexing, and some very distressful Circumstances, that occurred, during our Absence from each other—but give your sympathising Minds some Relief, from those already related, by informing you my worthy Friend, the Surgeon, in a short time procured me the promised Restoration both of Health and Liberty.

—When

204 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

—When every Thought of our narrow, circumscribed Condition, was, for a while, obliterated, by the unfeigned Pleasure both received, in our happy Meeting, after the hazardous Dangers, both had so nearly escaped, of an eternal Separation.——But I will pass through the following Frowns of our Fate, as lightly as possible—for I perceive, Madam, addressing himself to *Felicia*, those I have hitherto been obliged to mention, have had too sensible an Effect upon the Softness of your Disposition.

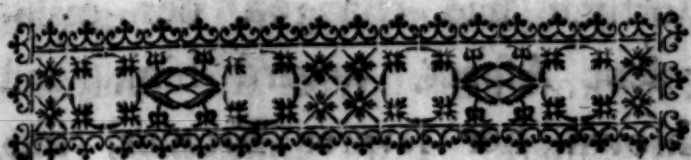
Why,

Why, Sir, replied *Felicia*, I have, indeed, been very sensibly touched, with the Variety of Ills, which have befallen such uncommon Merit, Truth, and Virtue—but then the interposing providential Hand, which intervened, toward the *last* impending Stroke—and the promised Prospect of its future Influence, supports the Spirits, with that pleasing Passion, *Hope*, against the Force of Incidents, which, otherwise, might prove too powerful for their Strength.

Mrs. *Worthy* said, she doubted, whether any of their Spirits were
I in

206 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
in a Situation, to attend longer
to a Relation, even though its
Circumstances were the most en-
tertaining, and abounded with
Amusement, since it was now
grown late, and many Hours
passed since they had received any
Rest, and there was a Necessity for
their being up extremely early, to
pursue their little Voyage—there-
fore hoped, they would excuse
Mr. *Worthy* till Morning, for their
mutual Benefit.—This, *Felicia*
said she must admit was prudent,
yet could not accede to, without
some Degree of Reluctance—and
all retired to their several Apart-
ments.

C H A P.



CHAP. XII.

*A farther Continuation of the History
of Captain Worthy.*

THE next Morning after the Vessel had been some short time under sail, *Felicia* told Captain *Worthy*, she hoped he would not impute her Impatience, in pressing the Renewal of his Narrative to any idle Curiosity, but to that interested Concern, she really felt, for being informed of
the

208 History of Sir Harry Herald
the happy Means, by which
Fortune had changed her male-
volent Aspect, toward him, and
thrown her severer Frowns, into
the Smiles of gentle Peace and
Joy.

He answered, he was doubly
obliged for the mutual Share she
partook of in the past *Severities*
he had felt, and the present
Tranquillity he now possessed; that
he was extremely sorry he was
under the Necessity of yet re-
counting some Passages, which
he was too apprehensive would
trespass upon that Sensibility of
Nature, her Tendernefs so evi-
dently

and Sir Edward Haunch. 209

dently subjected her to—However, interrupted Mr. *Placid*, the Lady, I think, is not defective in an equal Proportion of *Fortitude*; but it must indeed, be admitted, she is more remarkable in exerting it, by the depressing her *own*, than those Evils which attend others;—but as she herself Yesterday observed, since the Relation is made principally for *her* Service, it is incumbent upon her, to throw out all her Powers of Philosophy, and apply them to the purposed Uses;—which, replied Captain *Worthy*, that the Lady may have the earliest Occasion of doing, let me acquaint you,

210 History of Sir Harry Herald
you, that a few Months after my
Enlargment, upon my Parole of
Honor, a Treaty of Peace was
concluded—the Army was em-
barked for *England*, where, when we
arrived, several Regiments were
broke, amongst which ours was
fated to be one; and if I had before
sensibly felt the utter Insufficiency, in
the *full* Pay of a Lieutenant, to sup-
port myself, a Wife, and a Child,
how melancholy was the Situ-
ation of being reduced to the
half ——— with the Addition of a
second Child? which was born
soon after our Arrival in *Eng-
land*.

Here,

Here, *Felicia*, fetching a deep sigh, Mr. *Placid* said, Recollect, Madam, that both those Children are now before you, in a *prosperous, happy* State, and far removed from that *distressful* one, your present Ideas seem to picture them in,—and one would, almost imagine the little Innocents were themselves *conscious* of the happy Change, from the *sprightly* Chearfulness you see them engaged in.

Felicia acknowledged the Justice of the Rebuke; and desired Captain *Worthy* to proceed, telling him, she would avoid giving Occasion

212 History of Sir Harry Herald
caſion to any farther Inter-
ruptions.

He then related a Variety of affecting Circumſtances, which the Narrowneſs of his Income, and Weight of Debts ſubjected him to—the Neceſſity of parting with every little Ornamental Trinket, which yet remained, of Mrs. *Wortby's* former Situation in Life.—and at length, even their very *Cloaths*, that were of any tolerable Value—the inſiſting, *hers* ſhould be firſt diſpoſed of, not having either Inclination, or Opportunity of making any Appearance abroad; being obliged
both

and Sir Edward Haunch. 213
both from Duty, and Affection,
to pay a constant Attendance
at home, in the care of her
two little Boys—nor did *his* Dis-
position, or Safety, admit of
being much seen, and that, only
within the *verge* of the Court,
to avoid the yet farther Misery
of a Prison.

After we had remained, con-
tinued he, for three or four
Months, in this deplorable State;
both Mrs. *Worthy* and I concurred
in Opinion, there was no other
Expedient left, to obviate our
present, or future Miseries, but
finding some Means to convey
her,

214 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
her, and the Children, to her
Father's—throwing themselves at
his Feet, and imploring his For-
giveness, and Assistance——that
however obdurate, and inflexible,
his Heart might remain to *her*,
the unoffending Innocence of her
little ones, must melt, and soften
him to their Protection and Re-
lief.

Reflections so plausible, and na-
tural, made the Expediency of
the Journey determined on—but
the means of executing it, could
not, alas! be so readily resolved
upon—While these were under
Deliberation, and we were tired
with

with running over the Names of Persons, to be applied to, and could not summon up Resolution enough to speak to some, or a sufficient Opinion of others Benevolence; Mrs. *Worthy* said, Well! if a tender Regard to the Memory of the dead, pleads on *one* side—a nearer, and more affecting call, urges in behalf of these dear little ones—and, rising, went to a Drawer—taking out a small, gold, Tooth-pick-case, given her by a deceased Brother—which she had always said, and I had resolved, should be reserved, whatever Exigence we were driven to——putting it in into my Hand, with Tears streaming from her
Eyes,

Eyes, said, My dearest Brother! if it is given thee, to be conscious, of what now presses thy unhappy Sister, in parting with this last Pledge of thy unalterable Love to me, thou wilt, I know, much rather pity, than reproach me—and compassionate these Distresses, which Nature enforces me to commit *against* Nature—Then addressing to me—said, if, my dear Life, you can raise Money upon it, with a possibility (if it should ever be in our Power) of hereafter redeeming it, I could rather wish it, than to have it sold, beyond the Means of recalling.

Here

Here the Serjeant of the Company, to which I had belonged, and who frequently, as he termed it, used to pay his *Duty* to me, knocked at the Door—and it was impossible to hide the Disorder we both were in—and of which, the worthy, honest Fellow, had his immediate Share—and cried, I hope, Sir, you, nor my good Lady (so his respectful Deference called her) have not lost a Friend? I replied to him, honest *George*, People circumstanced as we are, have but *few Friends*—and holding the Case out, said, this is the last, and only Friend we have left, and *this* we must part

VOL. II. L with—

218 History of Sir Harry Herald
with—I am glad you are come
to do an Office for me, I must
have gone through with more
than common Anxiety—take it,
and raise what Money thou canst
—but leave it in the Hands of
some Friend, you can depend
on—that if Fortune should ever
smile again, it may be redeemed
with Thanks.

This worthy Creature, who had
all the rough Bravery of the
Soldier, with the feeling Sensibi-
lity of the *Man*, (and, indeed, I
believe they are but rarely dis-
united) said, I hope, Sir, you
will have the Goodness to pardon
what

and Sir Edward Haunch. 219

what I am going to say to your Honor—and though I know my unworthiness to become a Friend to a Gentleman, under whose Command I have served, yet, as I am truly sensible of the mild Treatment you gave me, while I had that honor, I am encouraged to tell you, Sir, perhaps it is in my little Power to be your *Friend*——Ah! Sir! can I ever forget that you twice saved my Life, at the hazard of your own? Will ten Pounds be of any Use? I can spare it without any Inconvenience——the Publick-house I am in, affords me a comfortable Living——I am out of

world

L 2 Debt—

Debt—and have saved that Sum
—I will fetch it this Moment—
and in saying this, he left the Room
—while Mrs. *Worthy*, and myself,
were silent with grateful Wonder.

In about a quarter of an Hour,
a Person came with the Money, directed and sealed up—and the Sergeant afterwards told me, the Reason of his not bringing it himself was, lest I should have objected to the taking it—and he had been careful also, to prevent *that* being done to the Person he sent, for the Parcel was made up in such a manner, we did not
know

know the Contents, or from whom it came, till the Messenger was gone—but had not my Necessities been pressing as they were, I think I ought not to have rejected it, lest it should have given Pain to so worthy, and deserving a Man.

Thus happily, and unexpectedly provided, in a few Days my Wife and the two Children, set forward for her Father's Seat, leaving me two Guineas, from our little Exchequer, for my own Supply. — Notwithstanding this Absence, from all that Love and Nature had endeared to me,

L 3

great

great Part of the time was supported more tolerably, than I had for a long Series, been acquainted with—Hope filled up the Interval with its pleasing Prospects, and animated me with the firm Reliance on the persuasive Powers of my two young Advocates, in their Mother's, and their own interesting Cause.—In these pleasing Ideas I was strengthened, by a Letter from my Wife, in which she gave me an Account, of her having altered the Measures, we had concerted together, of directly going to her Father's, for such Reasons, as upon Reflection, she judged more probable of procuring

ing

ing Success, by applying to a neighbouring Gentleman, of Weight and Fortune, and who lived in great Intimacy and Friendship with her Father, and who very humanely undertook, to present her, and the Children, to him, and made no doubt of influencing him in their Favor.

Hope, now, was almost flattered into Security, and my Mind raised from its former Dejection, into a pleasing Contemplation, upon those happy Hours which were now approaching — but, alas ! Hope had indeed *flattered* — and those pleasing Contem-
L 4 tions

224 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

tions were totally reversed, by the Return of the next Post, by which I had an Account that all the humane Remonstrances of this worthy Gentleman — the kneeling Supplications of my Wife, her own, nor the Tears of her two little Pleaders, were sufficient to raise the smallest Spark of Humanity or Tenderneſs, in her Father's Boſom—but that his Indignation and Reſentment, appeared more ſtrongly confirmed than ever—nor did it confine itſelf to *them* alone, but broke forth, even, againſt their generous Advocate, by telling him, he had always conſidered Works of Superero-

pererogation, indeed, in *slight* Affairs, as a Proof, perhaps, of *Good-nature*——but in Matters of Weight, and such, especially, as interfered in Families, he must be excused, if he looked upon them, not quite correspondent with the Rules of Good-breeding——adding, if, Sir, you think this Woman, and her Beggars, such Objects of Compassion, you have my unlimited Leave to take them into your Protection and Care——as to *mine*, she has forfeited all Pretensions——For *these*——pointing to the Children——were they the Offspring of any *other*——they might indeed, affect me with some
Con-

226 *History of Sir Harry Herald*

Concern — but being *bers* —

Here, the Gentleman, a little warmed with the Indelicacy of his Treatment, said, whatever, Sir, are the Defects of my *Good-nature*, or *Breeding*, I am not likely to receive any considerable Improvements of them, by my Continuance here — therefore shall take my leave — but have still enough of both, to hope a little Time, and Reflection, will bring you to remember, you are a *Gentleman*, and a *Father* — till when, I will endeavour to supply the Office of the latter — And taking a Boy in each Hand, at the same time, in the most affectionate

and Sir Edward Haunch. 227
affectionate Manner, addressing my
Wife, said, come, Madam, the
Coach that brought us hither, is
ready to carry us back — and in
that, immediately, conveyed them
to his own House.

This was no little Alleviation
to the first Efforts of my Con-
cern, and, continued its Effects,
till the Receipt of two or three
subsequent Letters, from which
I had both the Pleasure, and
Mortification, of learning, that
every Man was not equally blest
with myself, in the social Hap-
piness of the married State, by
having

228 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
having a Woman of Delicacy,
and Softness of Nature.

The Lady to whom this worthy Gentleman was unfortunately joined, wanted much of that Gentleness, and Quietude of Mind, as well as that Sympathy for others Miseries, which ought to be the Characteristic of her Sex.—These Qualities produced many irksome Altercations with her Husband, attended with severe Invectives upon burdening his Family, with *Brats* and *Beggars*; nor were distant Insinuations of Jealousy wanting—and so little Reserve was maintained,

tained, in either her general Conduct or Speech, that it quickly became too evident, to escape Mrs. *Worthy's* Observation——which, you will readily conclude, made her imagined Assylum more miserable, than any of those Ills, it was hoped, and intended, to redress.—In short, her Patron was drove to the Necessity of telling her, yet with the tenderest Delicacy, that her Removal became unavoidable, both for the Preservation of *hers* and his *own* Peace——and for that Purpose, told her he would prepare, against the following Morning,

230 *History of Sir Harry Herald*
Morning, a recommendatory
Letter, for her Reception into
a Family at *Shrewsbury*; where
he advised her to wait, in
Prospect of her Father's Return
to Reason and Nature——till
which happy Crisis, he would
take Care to see every Expence
discharged, and send her, and
the Children thither, in his
own Coach.—— In the pro-
posing her Removal, he had
only anticipated her own Deter-
mination; but the obliging
Circumstances attending it, she
justly concluded, his Lady had
put it out of her Power to
accept

accept of, consistently with that decent Pride, every Woman of Honor should support, though driven to the utmost Exigency — therefore declined every other Obligation, than that of accepting the Use of his Coach — which could not possibly be dispensed with, both for her own, and the Conveniency of the Children, the Distance from *Shrewsbury* being fifteen long Miles. — And, had she condescended to have received this Gentleman's farther Beneficence, she had undergone a severe Disappointment —
for

232 History of Sir Harry Herald
for in two, or three Days,
after her Departure from his
House, he was suddenly snatched
away, by the Stroke of an Apo-
plexy.

The END of the second VOLUME.

